

Bitter Sweet

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Vol. Eight, No. Three

January, 1985



Woodstove Memories
The Intricate Vision of Dahlov Ipcar
Stoneham's Sesquicentennial
World Champion Dog Sled Run



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The *is my face red?* department:

Charter Subscribers . . .

When we made a recent mailing of subscription renewal notices, I forgot you and failed to see that your Special Charter rate appeared on the cards. Consequently, you were asked to renew at our regular rates. And testifying to your long-time loyalty to BitterSweet, many of you did! Well, I wanted to let you know we've realized our error. Your Charter Rate was guaranteed seven years ago when you took a chance with us and helped make what was once only an idea into a magazine enjoyed by thousands. Over the years you've remained faithful to us; we haven't broken faith with you either. I made a mistake.

To rectify the situation in the simplest way, we've extended your subscriptions by a number of issues proportionate to the amount you were over-charged. In addition to our after-the-fact, band-aid solution, please accept my abashed apology.

Harry Bee
Editor-in-chief



BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

BitterSweet came to my attention yesterday when my daughter Ann came home with a copy of it (October, 1984). Gus Colpitts, owner-proprietor of Mickey's Variety Store in Farmington, saw Ann on the street and told her he had a magazine with her picture in it. Now that's enough to send any parent to buy all he had in stock, particularly when the subject has five siblings as well as numerous other relatives to send them to.

Had I ever noticed BitterSweet on a magazine rack before, I would have purchased one because BitterSweet, the plant, always graces my home in some way—in the form of a bouquet in winter months.... And had I seen the magazine before, I would have sent a subscription sooner. What a delightful publication. May you have many years of successful publishing.

*Dorothy M. Woodbury
Farmington, Maine*

Your magazine is spectacular. Keep up the good work!!

*Charlena Walker
Portland, Maine*

Just a note to say I enjoyed very much the November issue of BitterSweet. At Thanksgiving time I like to read about the farms of Maine and New England. I particularly liked the photo on the cover which blended with the color selected as the border for the cover page. The beige earth and barren trees conveyed November without words, with a strong aesthetic impact...

I enjoyed very much the article on the cigar store Indians—a craft which almost disappeared in the early 1900's. It's a symbol of an important period in our history. I especially enjoyed the article on decoys by Beatrice Comas. A folk art of importance! The article was very well written and informative.

My favorite article was Jack Barnes' "Notes from Brookfield Farm." It's pleasant reading about the chores of November on a New England farm, which reflects the quality of life that can be found in New England. The elegant photo of a turkey in color on the last page (taken by Jack Barnes) summed up the whole issue—November—farm life in New England at Thanksgiving.

I found the issue both refreshing and stimulating.

*Mrs. Patricia Davidson Reef
Falmouth, Maine*

Ed. Note: *It is always pleasant when a contributor also enjoys being a reader of the magazine. We are constantly amazed that, in our eighth year of publication, with so many faithful long-time readers, we should still be rather unknown in our own backyard. These days we are more noticed in Vermont and New Hampshire. It is also amazing that we get so few letters. Gentle readers and disgruntled, we are always open to letters. You can write P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020.*

WOODPILE

Neat rows parade in line
Circles of age, with the mark of time
each stick bent by nature's whim.
The maple split a mellow white
now turns a patina of new born fawn.
The mighty oak, its strands of cinnamon
brown
nestle next to birch with dalmatian coat.
The elm with shaggy hairs is cast aside
like second best,
to rest near stacks of brutes that defies
the sledge's stroke.
Rough cherry with alligator hide, chafes
the hickory's smooth bark.
At winter's end all have vanished into
fire of sparks
except a lonely giant footstool unmoved
by force of axe.

*Ruth Baird
Lancaster, Mass.*

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- 1 Photography by T.J. Marcotte of Strong, Maine
 - 4 Can You Place It?
 - 5 The Kitchen by Faustina Chamberlain
Woodcutter's Dinner by Talbert A. Pond
Illustration by Sara Gallant
 - 7 Poetry by Mary J. Kellar
 - 9 A World's Champion Dog Sled Run.
When Cecil A. "Mush" Moore left Alaska
for a 6,000-mile dog sled run to Lewiston, Maine.
 - 12 View Askew:
The Good Samaritan by Robert Skoglund
 - 13 How I Learned To Love Winter:
A Flatlander Learns To Ski — Part II
by Lauren MacArthur. Photos courtesy the *North
Conway Irregular*.
 - 17 "Typewriter Bond." Fiction by Patricia White.
Illustration by Bonnie Schofield.
 - 20 Recollections of Life Down on the Farm:
Winter Woods Work by Merton Parsons
 - 23 Snowbound. Photos by T.J. Marcotte
 - 26 The Intricate Vision of Dahlov Ipcar
by Pat Davidson Reef
 - 32 One Hundred and Fifty Years of Community
in Stoneham, Maine. Antique photos courtesy of
villagers. New photos by Juanita Perkins and
Keith Carreiro.
 - 43 Readers' Room Essays
Cookbook Crisis by Jean Pottle
Stalking Tracks on the Gore Rd. by Susan Dorman
Illustration by Sue Byerly
We Worked To Win The War
by Ellen Watson Greer
The Joy of Owning A Model A by Nadja Bolio
Maine Winter Remembered by Carlton Fuller
The Plea for Peace by Carol Wood
 - 51 Goings On
 - 52 Notes From Brookfield Farm by Jack C. Barnes
- Cover: Woodpile by T.J. Marcotte

BitterSweet Views for January

Good Intentions

Making a resolution to change something is an admirable activity. Even if one can't follow through every time, at least it's proof the conscience is working. For most people, trying to improve life and habits is ongoing. There's nothing wrong with setting your sights and efforts reasonably high—we all deserve the best. (That's too often a lesson learned late.) We seem to get only what we expect from life, and only what we are willing to give.

But does anyone make New Year's Resolutions anymore? Resolutions made at the end of an exhausting season and the beginning of the cold, cold winter are almost bound to be broken. All good intentions are pretty well occupied this time of year.

Spring Resolutions make much more sense to me—maybe Equinox Resolutions? All that rebirth and anticipation should give one more energy to pursue morally, physically and mentally uplifting courses. Right now, I'd like to find the energy to vacuum up all the fir needles and wash the holiday dishes.

So I have just two New Year's messages for you:

(1) Beginning with this enjoyable January issue, we will bring you two more issues a year and eight more pages an issue, thanks to your continued enthusiasm for the magazine. We are delighted to continue bringing you favorite BitterSweet things such as the old-time photographs, stories of northcountry personalities, and the return of writer Pat White with a delightfully original piece of fiction.

At the same time, there are new things in store for 1985. We are quite excited about new illustrators Bonnie Schofield (see her pen & ink sketch with Pat's story) and Sara Gallant, of our staff (her woodstove is on page 5). There will soon be some wonderful new writers we've discovered—with their expanded coverage of New England. And there are still plenty of stories to tell about Maine.

(2) Above my desk is a card message attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson. I read it often and will pass it on for you to ponder as we welcome 1985:

Success

"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the

Page 51 . . .

Can You Place It?

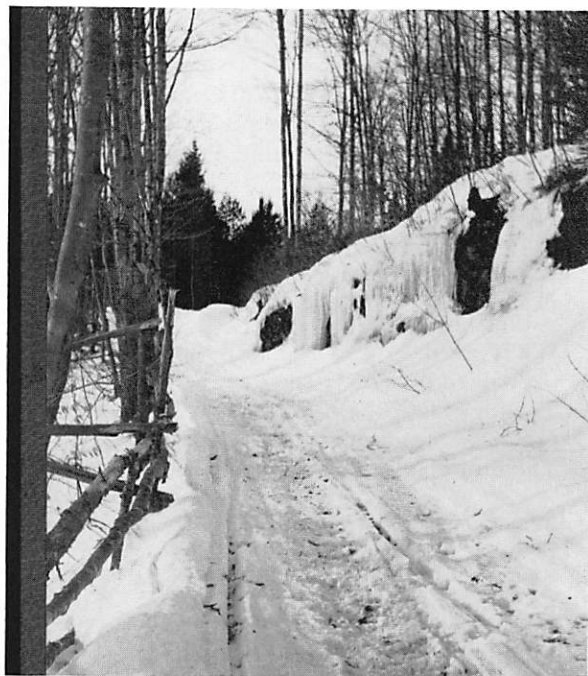


The top photograph is an old locale in Maine. If you can identify it, write to BitterSweet, P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020. The first postmarked correct answer wins a free subscription to BitterSweet.

Last month's photograph (see right) was loaned by Mrs. Winifred Merrill of Harrison, Maine. It was the Bird Hill Road in Bethel, Maine—before blasting widened it. No one has yet identified it.

We are in need of other photos for this space. Old photos of unique or obsolete places are good; so are new photos of unusual things or places. They will be returned after publication if you include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The winner for November, Inez Hill of Auburn, Maine, wrote: "It's Main Street in Farmington Falls, Me., the town where I grew up. (The) building in foreground was the old Post Office—our Grange Hall next to it. The house next to that was called 'The Old Atwood House.' Fond Memories!"



THE KITCHEN

by Faustina E. Chamberlain

The door, unlatched, swings open to the warmth and homeliness of a farmhouse kitchen dominated by a large, black iron cookstove. Light glints from the nickel plating on the stove, and copper pots and pans are dully reflected in its burnished surface. An occasional wisp of pine-scented smoke escapes from under the stove cover and is wafted upward, incense offered to the gods and goddesses of the hearth. "Queen Atlantic" is engraved on the oven door; a date reveals that the "Queen" has served the inhabitants of this house since the turn of the century as a source of both nourishment and warmth.

Above the stove, two heavy iron hooks extend from the ceiling to support a long hand-hewn rod of wood. In another era pots and pans and cooking utensils hung from that slender rod. Today, it serves as a rack for airing freshly-ironed clothes and drying snow-wet mittens and socks.

Behind the stove and suspended from the square hand-cut nails imbedded in the random-width paneling is a variety of iron pots and spiders. Their purpose now is more decorative than utilitarian. On the floor nearby is a basket of neatly piled wood, ready for quick replenishing of the fire.

In front of the stove is an oval braided rug. Over the years, its once bright reds, greens and browns have faded until it now serves as a resting-place for the family's collie—a pleasant place to bask, not only in the warmth from the stove but also in the sunlight which streams through the wide, many-paned window late in the day.

An oak desk darkened by time and littered with papers and books is by the window. Near the desk is a chair pushed sideways, as though its occupant were reluctant to turn his back on the view from the window: wooded

WOODCUTTERS' DINNER

by Talbert A. Pond

Back home in the country, charity always began with the elderly and the widows. When the first soft flakes of snow fluttered in the crisp early winter air, men and boys would gather at the predesignated home of a less fortunate to fall trees and to cut up enough seasoned firewood to last the cold winter. Nothing was taken for granted

back in those days, and the recipient always paid for the favor by cooking a large, festive style dinner.

Widow Bertha Beetlebottom's dinners were recognized as the most elaborate and most scrumptious. Her desserts were unmatched. Her dinners were traditionally served at high noon. By eleven o'clock, the aroma that floated on the light breeze was tantalizing every palate. The ringing of the cowbell at noon was the signal that dinner was served.

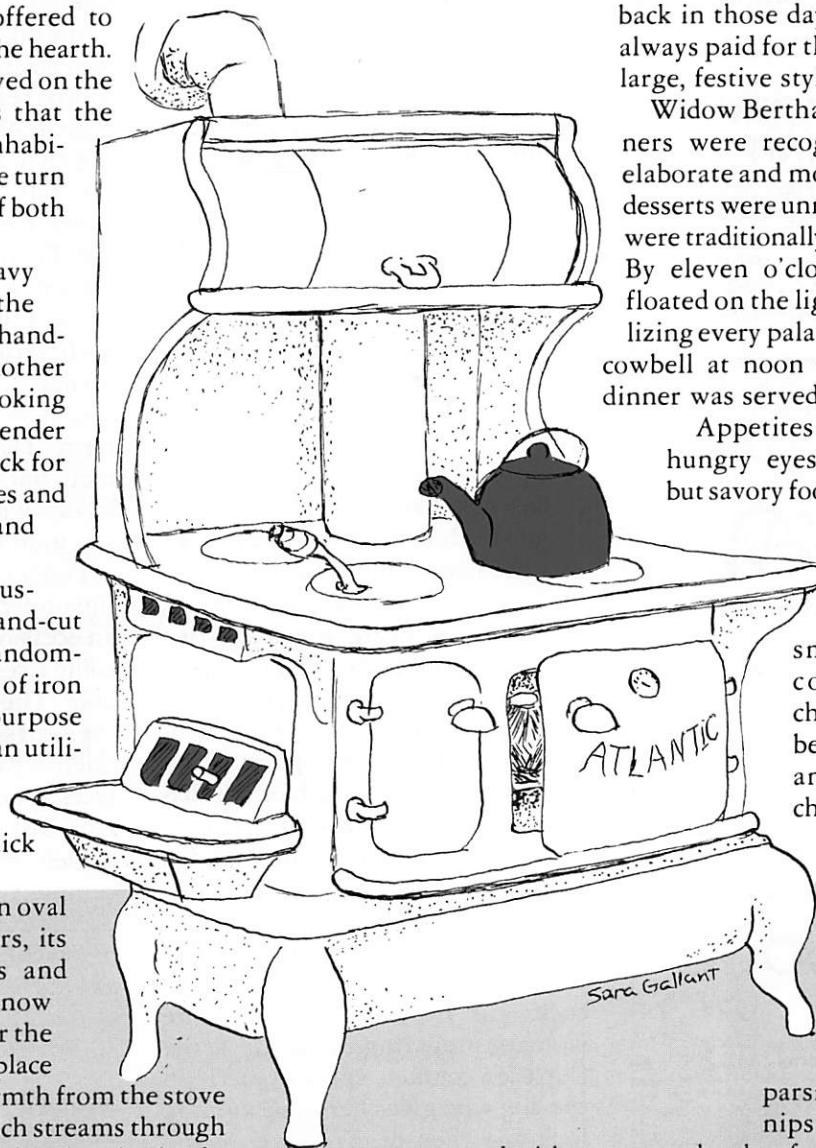
Appetites were inflamed when hungry eyes viewed the hearty but savory food. On the long oaken

table, wicker baskets brimmed with loaves of home-made bread. Several small serving bowls containing fresh-churned butter, pickled beets, mustard beans, and Bertha's famous chow-chow surrounded the steaming blue and white enameled stew pot placed in the center of the table.

The stew consisted of home-grown potatoes, parsnips, carrots, and turnips that swam in a broth

prepared with generous chunks of venison so tender that they could be cut with a fork. Each of the nine men and three boys were ladled generous portions upon snow-white dumplings.

When the main course was near completion, eyes



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... Kitchen

hills and valleys, a partly-hidden and ice-covered pond below the barn, and an orchard of gaunt tree skeletons with an occasional frozen apple still clinging to a branch. In the distance, snow-capped mountains are silhouetted against a grey-blue sky, their leafless hardwoods pale among the evergreens.

Outside the window are feeders for the winter birds. The tiny chick-a-dee flits back and forth between the big red maple and the feeders, brightening the morning with its winter song, interrupted now and then by the raucous cry of the blue jay and the peculiar little metallic note of the nuthatch.

A grey squirrel matches the blue jay's storing capacity for food as it dashes from the feeders to its home in a hole in the maple. Its cheeks are bulging with sunflower seeds. A glimpse of the squirrel arouses the collie whose bark scatters both squirrel and birds until they are reassured that the bark itself is not a threat.

On a hook beside the window, where once hung a work-worn jacket, now hangs a pair of binoculars, ready at hand to probe the distance when some sudden movement draws attention to the pond below the barn, to the orchard, or the distant field. Intruders, animal or human, are suspect in this isolated spot, and all come under close scrutiny.

A stirring sound from the floor above disturbs the collie again. He cocks his head and listens. The woman, preparing breakfast at the cluttered counter, speaks quietly to the dog who gives her a questioning look and then drops slowly to the rug, resting his head between his paws, but with his ears still alert and his eyes glued to the stairway door.

His attention is then drawn to the porch. There is the sound of heavy

boots stamped to remove the snow. As the man enters, the dog thumps his tail on the floor in greeting but does not rise. The man removes his woolen cap and heavy mackinaw and hangs them on the hook by the door. He then rubs his gnarled hands briskly, warming them in the heat rising from the range. He has been to the big red barn across the road to feed the sheep. His chores done, he is now ready for the breakfast being prepared: a succulent ham from the pig they raised and slaughtered in the fall, now simmering on the stove; fresh eggs from the nests of the Plymouth Rocks at the barn; golden johnny-cake baked in the oven of the "Queen" and served hot with syrup boiled down from sap gathered a spring ago from the countless maples surrounding the farm. He is not an introspective man, but he enjoys the fruits of his labor, with little thought of the situation being otherwise.

Louder sounds are coming from the upper floor now—scuffling and an occasional protesting outcry. The collie rises and stares at the upstairs door. There is a clattering of feet on the stairs and the latched door flies open. Two tousled heads and eager faces appear, a third bringing up the rear. The collie bounds forward with a welcoming bark. The family is complete, and another day begins.

Faustina Chamberlain is a resident of West Baldwin, Maine.

NEW YEARS IS

standing
on the edge
of a winter pond
wondering if the ice will hold
until you can skate
across.

*Lucille Gripp Maharry
Creston, Iowa*

. . . Dinner

drifted to three fresh-baked pies being quartered on the pantry sideboard. The men were asked to select first, and the boys waited with anticipation. The boys' smiling faces turned to frowns. Kaliza Bearpaw took doubles on the apple pie. Percival McFaith, when asked which kind of pie he preferred, apple, pumpkin, or mincemeat, answered, "One of each if you please."

When Bertha spotted the boys' frowns, she quickly restored their composure by stating that she had a special treat for them in the pantry. Bertha sauntered out of her pantry with three large slabs of chocolate cake covered with thick chocolate frosting. Sprinkled on top of each portion was a generous handful of chocolate "jimmies." Bertha had purchased them while on her trip to Boston, because at that time in our locale "jimmies" were virtually unknown.

The widow surveyed her guests enjoying their desserts, and her eyes suddenly settled on young Benjamin Blatts. Benjamin was scraping off all of his chocolate frosting, and placing it beside his plate.

"What's the matter, Bennie, you don't like my frosting?" questioned Bertha.

"Oh, no Ma'am, but with due respect I think you should get a good cat or a mouse trap!"

Talbert Adair Pond is a resident of Hopkinton, Massachusetts. This story is part of a collection of short stories called "Home Spun Yarns of the North East."



THE OLD WOOD STOVE

by Mary J. Kellar

The woodstove sat there, rusting, old,
A relic that didn't last.
But it brings back memories warm and
sweet,

Of an era that's long past.

When beans were baked the whole day
long,

And bricks were warmed for bed,
Corn bread and biscuits were the fare,
That friend and family fed.

A large teakettle often steamed,
Aromas filled the air,
Of soups and roasts and country stews,
Prepared with loving care.

And often on a Sunday morn,
A chicken would be baked.
And sweet whipped cream from fresh
milked cows,
Topped gingerbread and cake.

The warming oven above the old
woodstove,
Would often hold the plates,
Heaped high with every country treat,
When birthing calves went late.

Air fresheners then were never known,
But country people have their ways,
Apple peelings and cinnamon on the
old black stove,
Destroyed the odors of that day.

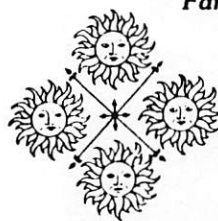
And then at night, the rocking chairs,
Would be pulled close and more,
And chilly feet would be warmed
On front or oven door.

Often little babes were rocked,
Wrapped warmed in loving arms,
And the lullabies of country life
Still hold me with their charms.

The stoves were banked with hard oak
wood,

When at last we'd rest.
On iron bedsteads with feather ticks,
God's "Country blessings" were the best.

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GRANDPA GUMMED
THE GRAVY

Grandpa fascinated me,
Because his gums were bare,
Grandpa had lost all his teeth,
I thought it wasn't fair.

He missed out on so much fun,
Eating apples, peanuts, corn,
So many things he couldn't chew,
With all of his teeth gone.

But, Sunday dinners were the best,
With steak so brown and savory,
I can't chew meat, Grandpa declared,
But, I can gum the gravy!

WHEN GRANDPA SAT
AND WHITTLED

I was five when first he took,
A knife into his hand.
And whittled out a little boy,
And dog so great and grand.

Years rolled by and great things came,
From the tip of Grandpa's knife,
Loved, detailed, precision carved,
When he whittled late at night.

The ducks and geese and hand carved
men,
Have much in value grown.
They've been passed on through many
years,

To grace our many homes.

But, precious to my memories,
The little jots and tittles,
When Grandpa told me stories,
While Grandpa sat and whittled.

ODE TO A LITTLE BOY
ANXIOUS TO GROW

"Daddy, when will I be tall?"
Came the question from a lad of three.
"Someday, son," his Dad replied,
"Someday, you'll be tall like me."

"When will I be able to do,
All of the things that you can?"
"Someday, son, it'll all come too soon,
I'll turn around and you'll be a man."

"Daddy, will I have a tan like you?
Will I lay an ax to a tree?
Tell me, Daddy, can I wear your boots,
then?"

Asked the little boy just turned three.

"Daddy, tell me someday will I have,
A little boy just like me?
Daddy, will he grow up like I will?
Will he ask questions so free?"

"You can be sure of that, my son,
There's one thing that I surely know,
There'll always be questions asked of
the Dads,
From little boys anxious to grow."

MAINE IS COZY

"Oh, it's so cozy, I declare,
Maine is a lovely place!"
She said, sitting by my stove,
With chicken heaped up on her plate.

Yes, it is cozy now, but Spring,
Found me with saw in hand,
Cutting Maple and Oak trees,
From back woods on our land.

While black flies had a love affair,
With me from head to toe.
And darned near cleaned my bones off
bare,

'Twas torture, this I know!

The wheelbarrow bogged down in mud,
When I hauled wood to the shed.
I shoveled gravel under it,
'Till I felt I was dead.

As we tiered wood in the shed,
A big gray rat jumped down,
And I'll bet neighbors heard me scream,
All the way to town!

Through blustry winds and winter's ice,
I trudged out to the shed.

And carried wood in tired arms,
Wind blowing 'round my head.

My sinuses ache, I've caught cold.

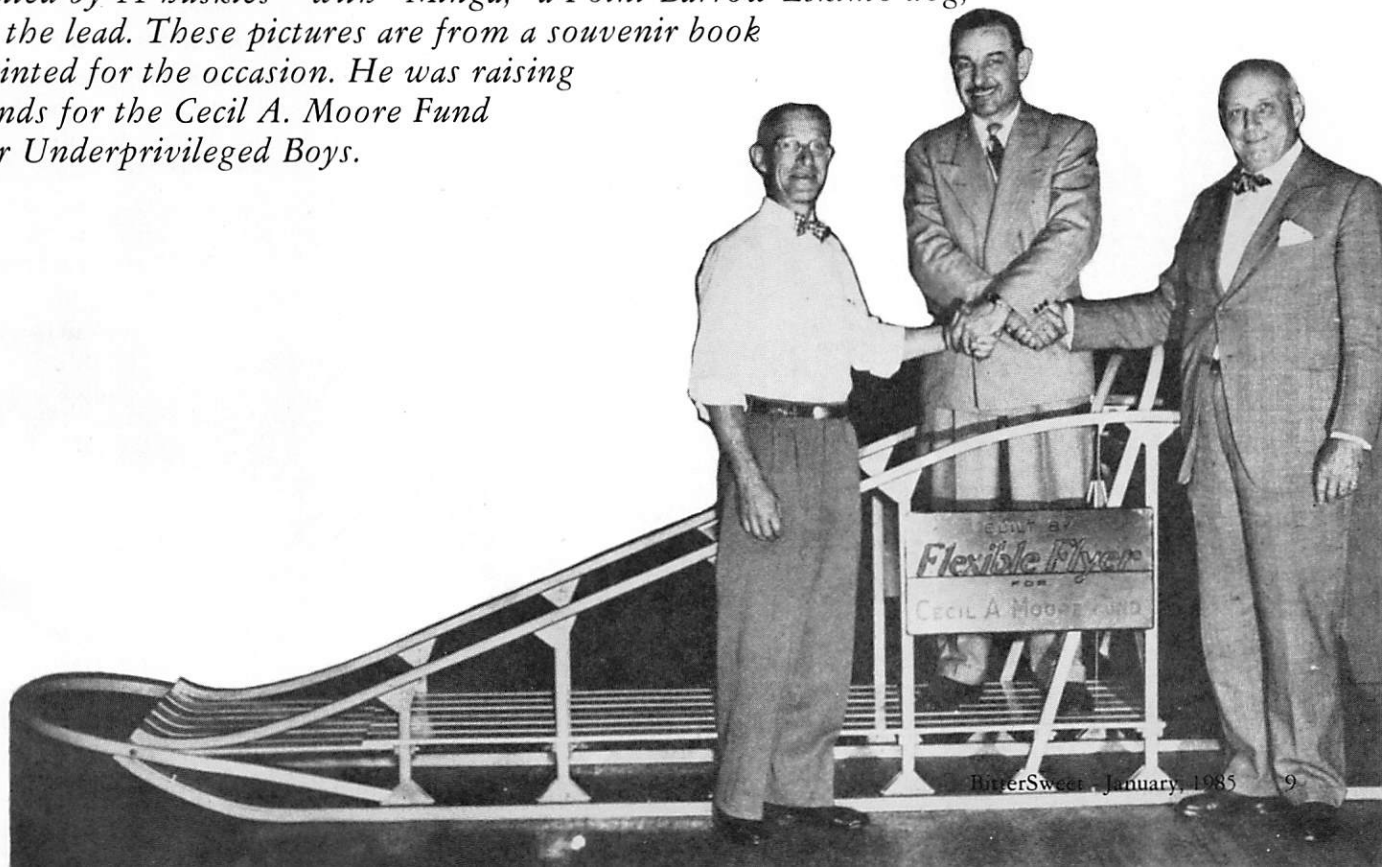
Life looks far from rosey,
But I'll snuggle up beside the stove,
'Cause in Winter, Maine is cozy!

M. J. Kellar was born in Brunswick, Maine, and now lives in South Lancaster, Mass. She is the mother of four, grandmother of two, and has written over 750 poems and a book of vegetarian recipes.



A World's Champion Dog Sled Run

On November 14, 1949, Cecil A. "Mush" Moore of Lewiston, Maine, left Fairbanks, Alaska, on a 6000-mile trek by dog-sled back to his hometown. His sled was custom-made by Flexible Flyer; it carried 1000 lbs. and was pulled by 11 huskies—with "Minga," a Point Barrow Eskimo dog, in the lead. These pictures are from a souvenir book printed for the occasion. He was raising funds for the Cecil A. Moore Fund for Underprivileged Boys.





Above, Cecil A. Moore with Minga, his pride and joy. Minga was the intelligent Eskimo lead sled dog for Moore's 6,000-mile trek. Along the way, Minga stopped for the birth of pups. Below, the well-marked trail through desolate, lonely wilderness. Keep the fire bright to deter wolves, Moore advised.



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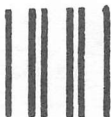
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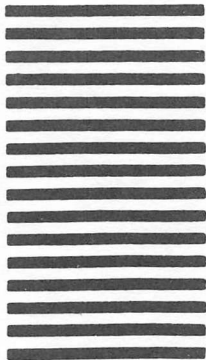
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The parka worth thousands, made for "Mush" Moore by an old Eskimo woman with secret techniques. The Arctic scenes at the bottom of the parka tell a tribal story. The fur gloves and parka protected Moore through howling winds and frozen snow.

View Askew

by Robert Skoglund
**THE GOOD
SAMARITAN**

What type of person comes to the aid of a victim in an emergency? What determines whether or not a person will assist a poor soul who has had an accident? No one knows why some people are Good Samaritans and why some are not, although studies indicate that people who are not in a hurry are more likely to stop and offer a helping hand.

Alfred probably would have stopped to investigate the station wagon that was stuck by the side of the road even if it had been summer—especially on this back road where cars were so seldom seen. But it was just before Christmas which is pretty well into the nasty season northern Vermonters call winter.

Oh, the rich kids who could afford to go up there to ski were happy, but natives who didn't own beer stores or ski lodges groaned when snow turned even the simplest of outdoor chores into a career.

It was one of those nights that kept almost every Vermonter home. Although most roads had been impassable since dusk, a few sporty types like Alfred roared up and down them on snowmobiles.

There was probably someone in the car: Alfred could hear the motor running as he brushed the snow off the windshield and pressed his nose and flashlight against it.

The man couldn't stand up when Alfred pulled him out. It had been a close one, there was no question about that, and Alfred had to practically drag him over to the snowmobile.

Five minutes and two miles later they pulled up at the cottage that Alfred called his winter home. By then his passenger was able to get

up the steps and into the warm kitchen on his own.

"I couldn't move, you know," he said as he looked around with disbelief. "I heard you drive up, but I couldn't move. Ten more minutes..." The stranger shuddered. "I thought I'd stay in the car all night or until it stopped snowing. It's new—carbon monoxide can't get into a new car."

Alfred said, "Under the car and in through the heat intakes. There was snow drifted right up to the windows. Soup? You eat lentil soup?"

He put a dish on the table as he spoke and graciously waved his guest into a chair. "Nobody expecting you? That's good. You're more than welcome here. There's a neighbor four miles away with a phone. We could be there in a matter of minutes, but the lines are probably down anyway. You came up to ski?"

As Alfred talked the man kept his eyes on him. "I can't believe you saved my life," he said as he shook his head. "Ten more minutes and it wouldn't have mattered who came along. I'm glad you're here."

"Eat soup," said Alfred changing the subject. "Nice place, huh?" and he looked around the kitchen.

"I like it," the man said. "How

long have you been here?"

"Six years or so," Alfred replied. "I only stay here winters, though. I spend summers in Florida."

The man looked interested. "Isn't that kind of backwards?" he asked. "I mean, you'd think anyone who could afford a nice place like this way off here in the woods would be here summers."

"Well, it's not really mine. I suppose you could say I'm taking care of it for a friend."

"You take good care of it. The place is spotless."

Alfred beamed. "Yeah, in June you probably wouldn't even know I'd been here."

The man smiled. "If you really don't mind, I'll stay a few days," he said. "I'll bet you've got a cribbage board over there in one of those drawers."

A week later in New York City a woman looks in an open office door.

"How was your place in Vermont?" she asks the man behind the desk.

"Great. The winter break was just what I needed, you know. Once I got in there I did nothing for four days but play cribbage with a hippy who takes care of it for me winters."

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Art by Wayne Hogan

"HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE WINTER"

A Flatlander Learns To Ski — Part II

by Lauren MacArthur

Last winter, our reporter, who calls herself a "non-athletic, non-exercising, forty-year-old flatlander," spent several weeks at Attitash Mountain in the Mt. Washington Valley. The folks at Attitash claimed they could teach anyone to ski. Lauren set out to make them prove it.

Lesson Four

I received some distressing news when I got to Attitash for my fourth lesson. I had been bragging about skiing from top to bottom without falling down. But I learned that wasn't exactly true; it wasn't exactly the top.

I thought it was the top. And I was content enough to let it remain my "top." But that sneaky Jack wasn't.

After two trial runs from *my* top to the bottom—during which I lived up to my reputation by doing one of the nicest cartwheels you will ever see—Jack whispered something to Ellen Chandler of the Attitash staff, who was skiing with me (I think to give me moral support. On second thought, it may have been Jack to whom she was giving the moral support!)

Anyway, the next trip up the chairlift, Ellen did not get off at our appointed stop.

"Where is she going?" I asked Jack with trepidation.

"She must have fallen asleep," he answered.

Since that day was a day of sleeting snow, during which I questioned whether or not we would be able to separate our seats from the icy chairlift seats, I very much doubted Ellen would be able to fall asleep. But up she went, ahead of us.

That sly ski instructor of mine, Jack Coffey, said we would follow.





After all, we couldn't possibly let Ellen go off into the unknown by herself.

Now, normally, I am the first person to help someone out of a jam, but in this particular case, I was perfectly willing to let Ellen go on alone. Still, up, up we went—forever, it seemed.

"How much farther?" I asked, as the world below sank into oblivion.

"Just a little bit farther," he answered. Sure, Jack.

What seemed like an eternity later, I could see—way down below me—something that appeared to be the crossed ski poles of some unfortunate skier whom I was sure was buried underneath.

I was assured that was not true. Those poles, I was told, simply mark a hole in the snow which skiers should avoid. The crossed skis served the same purpose to skiers as buoys in the ocean do to sailors.

"I don't suppose I could just stay on the chairlift and return to the bottom?" I asked.

"No," said Jack, plainly and simply.

Finally, off in the distance, I could see what looked like a "landing" platform. "Is this the end?" I asked, nervously.

"You don't need to put it that way," Jack responded.

We landed. "Now look," Jack said, trying to comfort me, "these slopes are no steeper than the ones you've been skiing farther down the mountain."

That may have been true, but the whole thing seemed steeper. I couldn't even see my parking lot at the bottom! I threatened to murder Jack when (and if) we ever got back to "flatland" again.

"Just follow me—right in my tracks," said Jack. Once more he reminded me to "look at me, only." I wasn't too sure I wanted to look at him ever again.

But the instinct for survival took over. I figured I'd better do as he said to get myself down that long, long trail—so I could carry out his execution. Actually, the trip down went amazingly well. I did slip and slide a little on a few turns. (That happens when you don't exert enough pressure on your downhill ski; the uphill ski rather "flops" around instead of straightening out and flattening as instructed).

I did make it to the bottom. Once there, I realized I hadn't fallen once!

We skied right over to the lodge for

some hot soup and coffee. And we discussed my progress.

"Sometime soon," said Jack, "we'll go to the top of the mountain."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, incredulously, "I thought we just did that!"

"But that's not the big mountain," Jack explained, pointing to a mountain behind the lodge that looked, to me, as if it was kissing heaven. I know I'm not ready to get that close to heaven, yet.

"You expect me to go up there?" I asked, in what was *not* my most musical tone of voice.

"Yes," he answered. Sometimes, Jack doesn't mince words.

Well, Happy New Year. I'm making my New Year's resolutions: "I think I can, I think I can...well, maybe."

Lesson Five

Jack Coffey (he doesn't know when to quit) greeted me with his ever-pleasant, smiling face as I approached the novice hill chairlift. He actually looked happy to see me. It had been two weeks since my last lesson, perhaps he'd forgotten what a klutz I really am. Or maybe he was just revitalized and ready to take on the challenge again.

Whatever the reason, we proceeded up the chairlift to my old, familiar hill. I was afraid I might have forgotten most of what I'd learned, after two weeks.

But, amazingly, I did fairly well. It's almost second nature to me, now. And it feels so good! Of course, I realize the ski instructor has been spoiling me just a little. With him right there, guiding me, I feel sure of myself. But what's going to happen when he isn't there? I just don't know at this point.

We eased down the mountain in record time—for me. Once we hit bottom (actually, we didn't *hit* bottom, we caressed it gracefully with our skis), Jack headed straight for the ski lodge.

"Jack, where are we going?" I inquired. I couldn't understand why he was taking me back so soon. I thought I had done pretty well on that first run. I didn't see why he would give up on me now.

"Just follow me," Jack responded. As he rounded the corner near the chairlift at the base of the "big" mountain, it dawned on me exactly what he had in mind. "Wait a minute, Jack," I said in my most authoritative voice. "You said 'sometime' we'd go up that big mountain. You didn't say today."

He ignored me. He does that when he's bent on getting me to do something I'm apprehensive about. Either that, or he starts talking, and he keeps right on talking until I can't remember what I was afraid of.

"This chairlift is higher up than the other one," I said.

"Of course," replied Jack, matter-of-factly, "this mountain is higher up."

"How far up are we going?" I asked, bravely.

"You're lucky," Jack answered. "It's cloudy, so we'll only go half-way. If it were sunny, you'd be on your way to the very top to see the spectacular view."

I knew this was the first time in my life I was grateful for cloudy weather. Normally, I'm a view person. Do you know what that is? That's someone who can't resist a beautiful view, and who spends a good part of her life tracking them down.

Secretly, I would have liked to see the sun peeking over the mountain top.

We got off the chairlift at what Jack called "half-way." There's room for debate on that statement. The snow was beautiful: big, white flakes were sliding down all over us and the mountain.

Jack skied us onto what is called "the highway." It crosses the mountains, connecting all the various trails. Therefore, it is relatively flat. This isn't half bad, I can handle this, I remember thinking.

You could hear the quietness all around. An occasional skier would pass us. But we almost had "the highway" to ourselves. This tranquility wasn't slated to last long.

A right turn later, and up a slight hill, and we were looking—*way down*—at (you guessed it) my parking lot!

"I don't know, Jack," I said. "I don't think I belong here."

"I wouldn't take you where you didn't belong," he assured me. And, before I could protest further, he took off. He started talking again, too, repeating the same old stuff:

"Spread those heels out. Lean on the left foot. Straighten out the right foot. Steer with that knee. Lean on the right foot. Straighten out the left foot. Straighten out the OTHER left foot!"

"Keep your feet quiet...your upper body quiet...your mouth quiet."

I think Jack's theory is: keep her busy so she can't protest. It seemed to be working. I was getting better—not great, but better—at this sport. I did fall twice. But once was on a bump in the snow, and the other

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time I chose to fall. I do that when I think I am losing control.

I enjoyed the trip down—until the very last part of the slope. That last mound looked very steep, and I could see people, buildings, and fences. Those are the things that make me extremely nervous. But Jack continued to ignore me, and I made it down that final lap—missing all the people, buildings, and fences.

My reward was a trip back up my familiar chairlift—to my familiar hill, I thought. However, Jack skied straight across that hill to the competition slope. I guess he figured it was about time I looked good in at least one of all the pictures we've taken of this venture.

My "low center of gravity" got in my way again—near the finish line. I didn't let that bother me. I kept my composure and sailed on through. It looks as if Jack has made a "reasonable facsimile" of a skier out of me. But we're going to try it ONE MORE TIME.

Lesson Six — The Conclusion

I did it!

I went to the absolute TOP of the mountain!

I'm certain this statement is correct, because I clarified it with Jack Coffey. "You haven't any more tops I haven't heard about, have you?" I asked.

"No, Lauren," he laughed. "You were at THE top."

I'm addicted.

There's no way I can quit this sport now. Thursday was my sixth time on skis. And I knew I was addicted when I realized what I'd gone through that morning just to get to Attitash.

I live in Maine. It takes about an hour and fifteen minutes to get to the Valley under the best of circumstances, in my little Fix-It-Again-Tony (in other words, FIAT). It's a neat little car, but it has an aversion to extremes of any nature. Cold is one

of them. Thursday's temperatures were reported at varying degrees of 14 to 25 below zero.

Houses are few and far between on the rural roads I travel to get to North Conway. My little rebellious Fiat decided to cough and splutter on the hill leading to Bolsters Mills. I tried talking to it gently, but to no avail. As we approached the crest of the hill, it made a wrenching, gagging sound...and died.

I guess I was supposed to feel guilty about what I was exposing it to—and I did, a little. But my main concern was that my skiing lesson was looking more unattainable every moment. The freezing cold was getting to me, and to the Fiat. As I let it roll down the hill, I couldn't believe my eyes. There, in God's country, was a cinderblock garage where one Lenny Adler was working on cars. He fixed me up with some dry gas, and that did the trick.

Surely, I thought, no one skis on days like this. They'd be crazy if they did.

I called Attitash when I got to my North Conway office. "No one skis on days like this, right?" I asked Merrie Smith at the ski school.

"Of course they do," she answered, much too cheerfully. "And Jack is waiting at the Cook House for you."

Guilt Trip number 999 set in. "Okay," I said, "I'll get in my freezing, obstinate Fiat and drive up there. Once I get there, I'll decide whether or not I'm going to ski." All I could think about was frozen fingers, toes, and gas lines down in the Valley. What must it be like at the top of the mountain?

Jack and I made two runs before we went to the top. One run was down my hill, and the other was because we got on the wrong lift. But the moment finally came. It was time to go to the TOP!

As excited as I was, I must say the sign at the lift took me back. REPORT ALL ACCIDENTS IMME-

DIATELY, it shouts out in big red letters. Now that's what I call positive thinking!

But, by now, the sun was shining on the mountain and there wasn't any wind. So, although it was cold, it wasn't unbearable. Jack pointed out the magnificent view behind us as we neared the top. The higher we went, the more splendid it became.

Once off the lift, Jack skied us to a spot where we could see it all: Mt. Washington, the Presidential Range, Wildcat, Cranmore, and Kearsarge mountains. This was a perfect day to enjoy the view.

It got in the way once in a while on our way down. At the stage I'm at in skiing, it's difficult to concentrate on skiing and the view at the same time. But...I managed. When I spotted a beautiful sight, I simply stopped skiing. I'm not sure how the folks behind me liked that, but I tried to stay out of their way.

We skied around Attitash's most difficult turn—a hairpin—and I did not fall! I saw others wipe out on that turn, but I didn't. Not that I wished anyone any bad luck—but have you any idea how good that made me feel?

We curved around trails with interesting names—like *Idiot's Delight*. (It's perfectly straight down; it would take an idiot to negotiate that trail.) And *Tim's Trauma*. No one seems to know what happened to Tim. We passed by those trails in favor of *Chicken's* something-or-other. I am really very fond of chicken.

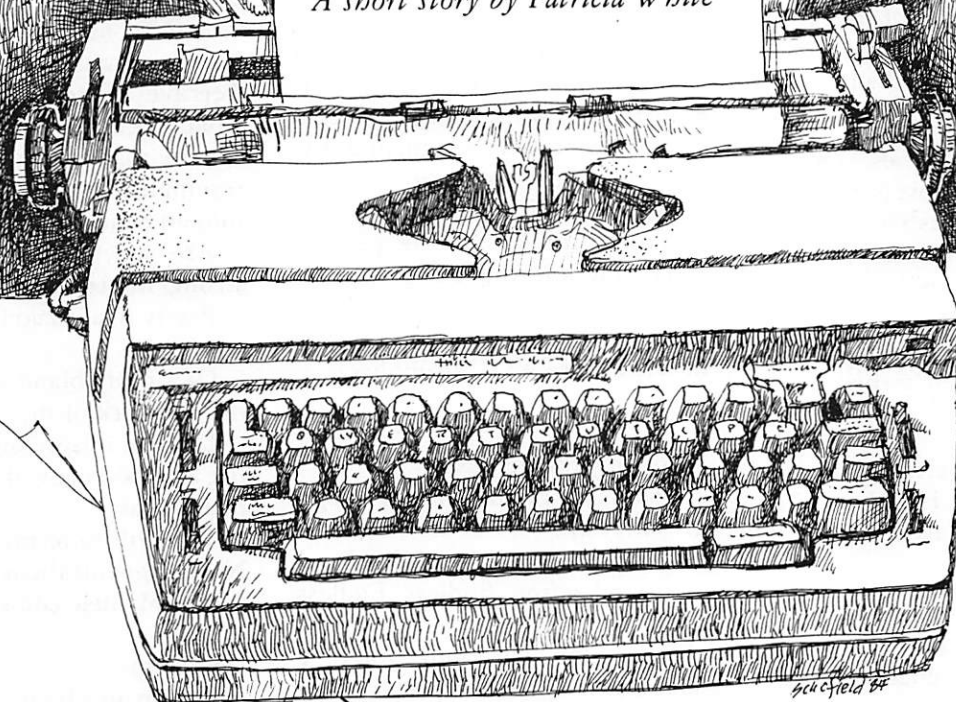
All in all, I did well. I only fell twice—I kind of eased myself down in slow motion when I had the right idea but couldn't follow it through.

I tried to implement all Jack had taught me. I moved the correct heel out for turns. I pressed on the appropriate foot for control, pointed the correct knee forward for direction, and kept my feet, upper body, and mouth "quiet."

Page 40 . . .

TYPEWRITER BOND

A short story by Patricia White



Monday, 6:30 a.m.

Friday, 7 a.m.

Dear Whoever You Are —

The typewriter was running when I came in this morning. I thought my rental of this desk and machine was exclusive but evidently not. I don't want to be hit with a bill for a burned-out motor. Please remind yourself to switch it off.

Thank you.

S.J.

Monday, 11 p.m.

Dear S.J. —

How can anybody write at 6:30 in the morning? I mean, unless they started the night before?

The motor wasn't on that long. I use the desk nights and weekends. Sunday I was on a roll and wrote 'til 5 a.m.

M.

p.s.— Please wait till your white-out dries before moving the carriage. You're making a mess.

p.s. again — Editors don't like white-out, I'm told.

To M. —

Probably the attached page is yours. It was on the floor under the desk. If I hadn't felt it with my foot, no doubt the cleaning person would have found it and shoved it in a trash bag.

Of course, it's possible an editor wouldn't have known the difference. Your character (Michele) seems awfully vague.

S.J.

Saturday, 2 p.m.

S.J. —

Maybe my character is **INTENTIONALLY** vague. It's no great loss when she's done in, in the end. Anyway, how can you critique a story based on p. 11 of a rough draft? (If you're so smart why aren't you rich, unquote)

What do you do — type in your bare feet?

M.

Monday, 6:45 a.m.

M. —

Oh, no, not a mystery writer! Haven't you heard? King cornered the market. I mean, it's like trying to top Van Gogh by painting sunflowers.

Yes, I type in my bare feet. Doesn't everyone?

S.J.

p.s. — Re: reading p.11 of your *very* rough draft — you don't have to eat a whole egg to know it's bad.

S.J. —

I do not write "mysteries." I write complicated modern novels in which people occasionally push too hard or bore to the point of madness and get bumped off. More than that I cannot say. It would siphon off the juices.

Your insults don't bother me in the least. I developed a thick skin ages ago.

M.

p.s. — I go you one better. I write in the nude. (No. Not HERE.) Or if company's around, Calvin Kleins.

M. —

Jeans or jockey shorts?

Tough skin, huh? Bathroom wall papered with Scotch-guarded rejection slips?

S.J.

S.J. —

Shorts.

Rejection will be a thing of the past. Soon. Quite soon.

What do you do for a *living*?

M.

M. —

AH-HAH!!! I KNEW IT! I knew you were a male! Only a male could portray a woman (Michele) in such innocuous terms.

What makes you think I don't WRITE for a living?

Actually, I wait tables. Until my ship comes in, an agent accepts me, my short stories are swooped up by Atlantic Monthly, or Little Brown puts all of them out at once in a beautiful bound collection. Which ever comes first.

S.J.

S.J. —

I judge by that sexist remark that you are a female, sort of. (A waitress, for God's sake!??) A drinker, too?

How about leaving one of your stories under the typewriter so I can cut you up? (Not IT. YOU.) Fair's fair.

M.

M. —

I write best in the morning. When I'm fresh. I wake up full of inspiration. Hence, I work at night, sleep 4 hours, come here, write until mid-day, sleep another 4 hours, go to work. Jerzey Kosinski borrowed the idea from me. (I think.) Only he spends 8 hours a night in the fleshpots.

My favorite drinks are Ovaltine, black currant tea and grapefruit juice. All writers are NOT alcoholics.

S.J.

S.J. —

No, only the geniuses.

What is your name, real or imaginary, anyway?

I completed my first draft. Now I polish and refine. Endless. Endless task.

How come you think you're a good listener? You come across pretty flip to me.

Max

Dear Max —

What you call flip is simply honesty and open-ness.

What do YOU do for a living?

How long have you been working on that quote complicated modern novel unquote?

Samantha Jane

Dear Sam —

Too long, too long. It incubated 10 years ago. I began roughing it out a year ago. The plot thickened, as it were, several months ago, which is when I took out the six-month lease on this space.

I work days in Palmer Center for the handicapped. Physical therapist. I make 'em move (swim, run, etc.)

What kind of name is Samantha Jane?

Max

Max —

Anybody whose real name is probably Maximilian (or is it Maximilian?) has no right to comment on a mouthful such as I was christened with. (Or should I say with which I was christened?) Samantha was my grandmother. Jane was my mother's best friend.

A P.T., huh? Interesting combination of qualities you have. The Terrible Writer with the Heart of Gold. The cerebral-physical-compassionate male. By any chance do you resemble gorgeous Germanic Maximilian Schell?

Are you wonderfully ugly in a strong, interesting way?

Pretty in a vacuous, weak, furtive way?

Or simply bland and featureless, like the back of my thumb?

Despite misgivings, I am attaching a carbon copy of my latest completed story.

You will note my characters are NOT vague in the least.

Has Michele come to life yet?

Samantha Jane

Dear Sam —

Dream up whatever face you want me to have!

Better still, tell me where you're working. I'll pop over and order a shot of Ovaltine.

Your characters are well drawn. However, your story stinks. Nothing happens. Why don't you make them MOVE? Do something? Come together and explode? You've got all these strong people standing around like chess pieces. And nobody's playing.

Michele was always alive. However, now she is dead. I decided to have her do away with herself, instead of being bumped off. She takes up sky diving and purposely forgets to pull the chute. Does THAT sound innocuous?

Max

Max —

It sounds overdramatic and con-

trived. Is THAT how you think I should write? Chess pieces! Of all things!

I'm ready for a fight. What better place than a lounge?

Saturday I work until 2 a.m. The Lounge at The Bernerhof. I'm sure I'll know you by the evil smile on your face.

Sam

Monday morning, 7 a.m.

Dear Samantha —

I am on my way to work.

I have just popped in to feel your aura in this cozy little (heretofore sterile and cold) cubicle. And to touch your vibrations on the typewriter keys.

Here is a croissant for you. (Do you know French? How do you say it?) Maybe it'll stay warm til you come in.

I don't know what I was expecting, but meeting you was — super. You were a wonderful surprise.

M.

Dear Max —

The kwah-sahn' was delicious. (I don't know French, either. I asked a Frenchman.) It was still warm. So was the typewriter. You left it running again.

I am mailing my story out today. I reworked some of it. I have retitled it, "The Chess Piece."

It feels right.

Sam

p.s. May I visit Palmer Center sometime? See how you work? A story idea flew into my head — that kind of setting — a handicapped kid —

Better not siphon off the juices.

My dear Samantha —

Come Wednesday, since Wednesday is your night off. Why not take the day off, too, from your labor over the typewriter? Sleep late! Rise at noon. Arrive at the Center at one. Ask for me at the office and I will let you observe my kids for a couple of hours. You'll see what we can do to stretch them (mentally, emotionally,

physically). From the pool to the gym to the track. Your eyes will be opened! I guarantee you will NOT be depressed. And you will learn.

We'll leave together and have dinner. My place or wherever your little heart desires. (I prefer my place. You can check out my bookshelves. I can put on my records. You can take off your shoes. I can take off my mantle of responsibility and just enjoy myself. And so on. Do you like quiche? Cheesecake? I've mastered those two things and little else, except, perhaps, washing lettuce and peeling hairy kiwis. Or we could send out for Chinese.)

Max

Dear Max —

I thought "Real Men don't eat quiche"? You're obviously a real man so somebody's wires are crossed. Sounds great. So does the cheesecake. Are you sure you want to do this?

While you cook, I'll read. Your novel, if you'll let me.

I promise not to criticize. Unless, of course, I can't help myself.

Eager to see you at work. I mean, at the Center. Wednesday it is. Sounds good.

Samantha

Dear beautiful woman —

Timed this pretty well. Lease just about up. Wrapping up the book today, I hope. Something "beginning" —

Can't wait til Sunday to taste the souvlaki and tabouli. Why Greek? Then again, why not. Or as they say in French (I bought a paperback), *porque' pas?*

I'll miss this place. It feels a little like home.

Max

To the Management of
THE WRITER'S LOFT

This is to notify you that my desk and typewriter rental are up as of the end of this week. I will not be renewing. I will be taking a leap of

faith and going into debt (with another writer) for a word processor. We will be pooling our expenses and incomes and should be able to swing it.

I thought you would like to know that I have sold two of the stories which I wrote in this cubicle. The other former occupant (whose lease of this space ended a month ago) has had serious nibbles on the novel he completed here. He has acquired an agent, too, one of the best.

Thank you for expanding our lives.

Samantha Jane Brown
Cubicle 7

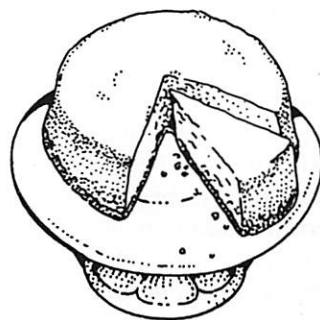
Dear Whoever You Are —

please love this typewriter.

S.J.B.

The End

Patricia White and her romantic
nature live in Otisfield, Maine, with
two sons, Chris and Jonathan.



Recollections of Life Down on The Farm



Every winter we took to the woods. This was a part of farming just as much as planting sweet corn in May or harvesting hay in July. Sometime in late November, if all went well, we would start operations in the woods, even though any hauling of the product would have to wait for a few weeks until the snow was deep enough to permit easy access with the horses and bobsleds. This may sound foolish but actually a good depth of snow was necessary to fill in the rough spots in the woods roads as well as to provide a surface for the sleds to run on.

Our woods work had several phases, with some change in emphasis from year to year. Every winter found us cutting and hauling firewood or fuel wood for cooking and for heating the big old farmhouse (certain rooms at least) the following winter. Much of this fuel wood, however, was a by-product of timber, pulp wood, or other forest products cut for sale. Every tree had limbs and tops that were not saleable and these went into our firewood. Sometimes we sold some firewood (in four-foot lengths called cordwood) but this was not very profitable, so mainly our sales were either timber (long lumber or logs), pulp wood (normally in 4-foot pieces) or bolts (also about 4 feet long) for wood working operations in town. A minor product was hemlock bark, used in tanning leather. This had to be peeled off the logs during the

summer when the sap was running, and the flies were sure a nuisance.

The timber or long lumber phase was mostly white pine, although we sometimes sold some hardwood logs—depending on demand and what we had in the woods. Cutting pine in the winter was pretty good sport (with no flies about) and I helped with it for several years, starting perhaps when I was about 12, in 1919.

Uncle John was working for Dad then and we usually had another hired man such as Lee Dudley to help part time. These two hired men, with my help, would cut the trees and, twice a day, would help Dad load the logs onto the bobsled. After that, Dad would haul them to one of the mills, making two trips a day. Cutting was all done by hand. This was long before the day of the chain saw; we used ax and the six-ft. crosscut saw.

Cutting Lumber

On the big pine lot we started at the lower or east end, next to the 60-acre lot and worked back from south to north, cutting a strip perhaps 100 feet wide, and then repeating. To fell a tree, a notch was cut with an ax close to the ground and on the side toward which the tree was supposed to fall. This notch would be around six inches deep and its length would depend on the size of the tree. Then the two men would start with the crosscut saw on the opposite side of the tree, making a level cut aimed at about the middle

of the notch. This sawing was slow and hard work, of course, and might take as much as an hour for a large tree. Frequent stops were necessary to rest, to drive in the wedges used to tilt the tree in the right direction, and to keep the saw from binding. In cold weather, we would build a fire to heat the wedges so they would catch in the saw cut and not bounce out from the frost.

Finally the tree would be cut nearly through and would lean and creak. Then extra caution was needed to make sure it fell where it was aimed. It would not do to cut all the way through; this would leave the tree out of control. Uncut wood had to be left for control but enough had to be cut to allow the tree to fall. This required frequent consultations and much wedge-tapping by the men, along with warnings to me and any other kids who might be present to keep out of the way. Then at last the leaning tree would start falling amid shouts of "timber" by the crew. Down it would go with a horrible crash.

Then it was my job to help "limb out," which meant cutting off the limbs with an ax so that the tree could be cut up into clean logs of 12-16 feet in length. The larger limbs were trimmed out in lengths of 8-12 feet for firewood and piled up in suitable spots for later hauling to the woodpile at the house. The logs were left as they were cut, to be picked up within a day or two and

Woods Work

by Merton S. Parsons



hauled to town. The brush was mostly burned as we went along, but some was left to rot away over the years, making brush piles for the wild life and eventually humus for the next crop of trees.

Loading the logs (which were 12-18 feet long and 8-24 inches in diameter) was sort of a specialized job and perhaps not as simple as it sounds. The logs would lie on the ground about as the trees fell and the sled would be drawn alongside of them by the horses. Then the binding chains would be untangled and properly arranged so that the load could be secured on the sled. Next two "skids" would be put in place to roll the logs on from the ground up to the sled top or "bunk." These skids were small smooth logs about 5 inches in diameter and perhaps 10 feet long—probably spruce because it was light and tough. After the skids were in place the men and boys armed with peavies or cantdogs, would roll and slide the logs into place, moving the sled from time to time as necessary. The logs were heavy and usually slippery from snow and ice so it was no easy job.

The two outside logs on the bottom layers would be fastened tightly to the sled with "corner-bind" chains, two for each log. These were iron chains some 8-10 feet long which were fed through a metal bracket on the bunk and then around the log and clamped tightly with a special device on the chain for that purpose.

After the bottom layer of logs was in place, additional layers would be put on top with the load gradually narrowed as it grew higher. Finally after moving the sled several times to pick up more logs, the load would be topped off at perhaps seven feet in height, the final binding ("wrap") chains tightened around the whole load, and the driver would take his place at the top front to begin the trip to the mill. The goal was to haul one thousand board feet each trip—a fairly big load.

In reducing a tree to logs we usually had the option of making logs 12, 14, or 16 feet in length, this by agreement with the mill in town. Some figuring was required to get the best combinations from any tree. It depended not only on the total length of the tree, but also on crooks or other defects, if any, and on the rate of taper. The latter was important because the log rule (Doyle, I believe) used at the mill to measure each log was applied to the small end to get diameter. Then the number of board feet in the log was found by reading from a table set up for various lengths and diameters. Sometimes a log with lots of taper would measure (scale) more at 12 feet in length than at 14.

Incidentally, the scaling of the logs at the mill was always a point of great interest between the parties concerned, since the payment was at dollars per thousand board feet. The mill usually had several men doing

the scaling, each with a reputation as to his accuracy, generosity, etc.

Selling timber or any other woods product required, of course, arrangements with a buyer as to specifications, price, etc. This was usually done without a written contract.

Pulpwood

The pulpwood operation was quite different in some ways. It involved different kinds of trees, mainly spruce, fir and poplar ("popple" we called it). It also permitted use of smaller trees and consequently slightly different tools. For example, with pulpwood we often used a "buck saw" for cutting the trees into proper lengths (about 4 feet). This was a thin-blade saw about two-and-a-half feet long fitted into a wooden frame to permit effective handling. The frame had a turnbuckle to tighten the saw, and the sawing was done by one man with both hands holding the frame. It was a good tool for trees up to about ten inches in diameter.

Sometimes pulpwood had to be peeled. This, of course, was a summertime job (so that the bark would slip) which, among other things, interfered with crop growing and harvesting. The flies and mosquitoes made it miserable, too. So we didn't do much peeling if it could be avoided.

Pulpwood in our area usually was moved by rail to a pulp or paper mill at some distance. This meant we had to load the wood "on the cars" at a

rail siding in town. The railroad company had a time limit of about two days for completing loading, and made an extra charge for any excess time. So we had to hustle and often would hire a neighbor and his team to help out.

The "bolts" operation was like pulpwood in many ways, but the product had a different use, going to local mills to provide stock for toys, etc. It was usually a softwood deal (pine, fir, "popple," etc.). Hauling bolts, like pulpwood, was done with a special frame mounted on the logging sleds. It was made of two logs perhaps twenty feet long fitted with cross pieces some three or four feet long to give a narrow body or frame onto which the wood could be piled and tied down if necessary.

Snowshoes

On occasion there would be special demands for certain kinds of lumber. During World War I, for example, the local snowshoe factory had big government orders to fill. This in turn meant a demand for white ash logs (regarded as the best wood for snowshoe frames). This variety of tree was not too plentiful, but we had some in the south woodlot next to the apple orchard (the "Young Orchard" we always called it, although it was no longer young in my day). The factory offered fifty dollars per thousand board feet delivered, which was a big price in those days—almost too good to be true. So we hunted out the white ash trees of proper size and straightness, and sold several loads. Then we went back to white pine which brought only about twenty dollars per thousand board feet, but was more plentiful.

Another specialty was "birdseye" maple, a sugar maple tree that for

some reason developed a striking grain that made it highly prized for furniture. We did not normally cut sugar maples since most of them were reserved for maple syrup, but sometimes a birdseye tree would be discovered when boring the holes for sap spials (the little gadgets inserted to provide a channel for the sap). Such a tree might be marked and cut later for furniture wood.

Firewood

Getting back to firewood, the job was not finished until we had the wood in the woodshed in proper size for us. It was usually hauled from the woods in 8-12 foot lengths and put in long piles in the front yard. At the end of the winter we might have twenty-five or thirty cords assembled. Then along in March the buzz saw and gasoline engine would be brought out and we would start reducing the wood to shorter lengths—about 12-14 inches for the cook stove and around 30 inches for the "furnace." The latter was a brick affair—torn out, probably around 1930, and replaced by an ordinary wood stove, and later a Franklin stove.

Buzzing the woodpile would take several days. My job was usually to stand at the end of the saw table and remove the short sticks as they were cut off. I was supposed to throw them back out of the way and not to allow them to pile up around the saw. It was a monotonous job and I often got sawdust in my eyes. Dad usually operated the saw table which was hinged to permit tipping it and the long sticks into the saw. Another man or boy was required to feed the long sticks from the pile to the saw table. We would shut down every hour or two to move the machine along as the pile was gradually reduced.

The next step in the firewood operation was to split the large chunks into smaller pieces suitable for burning, particularly for the cook stove. This was a big job, taking many man-and-boy hours. But finally it would be finished, probably sometime in April, and then would come the task of moving the pieces into the woodshed, using a wheel barrow and manpower. With luck this would be completed in early May. It was a good job for the hired man while he was resting from shoveling manure into the spreader, as Dad was out spreading the manure on the fields. Dad told me once that this was a good use of labor.

The firewood was a mixture, of course, of many different varieties of trees. A lot of it would be white pine from the limbs and tops of our pine operation. Some would be grey birch, a small tree used only for firewood. Some would be hardwood such as sugar or rock maple, yellow birch, oak, and beech. The latter four were regarded as the best firewood for heat and staying power.

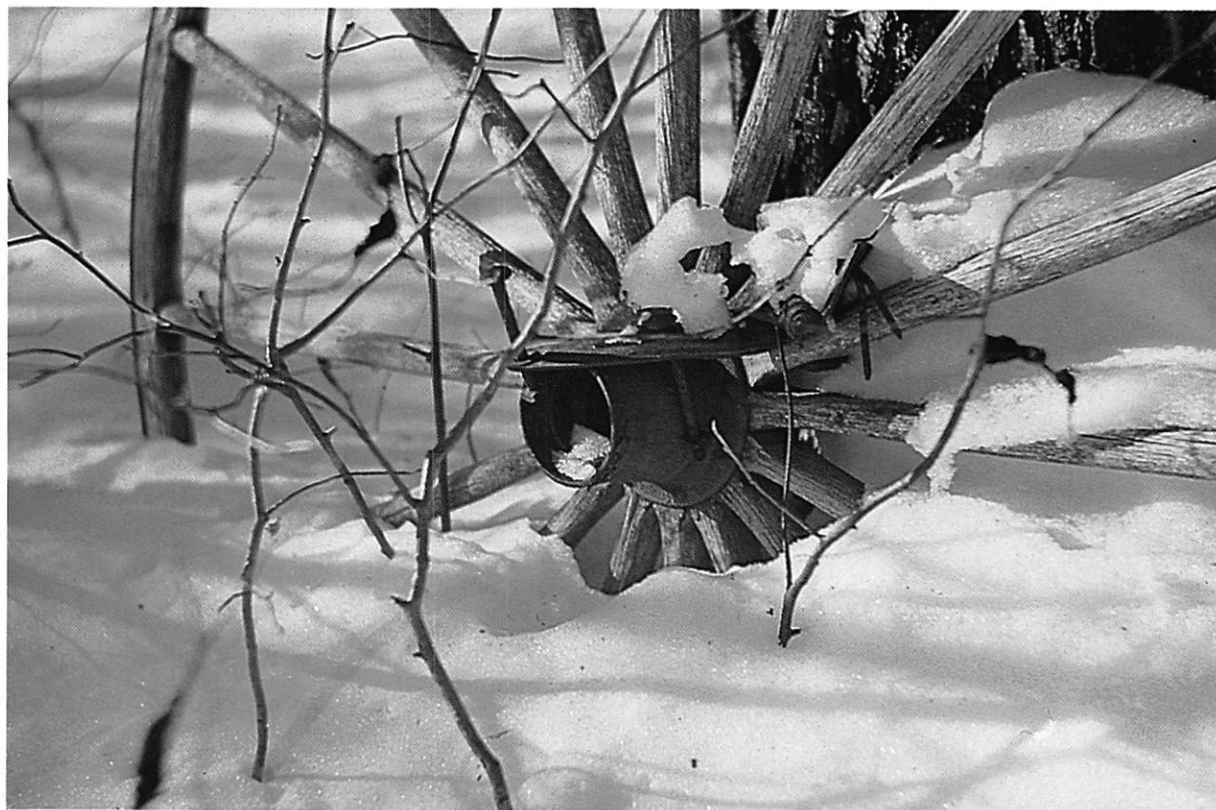
Woods work was a part of our life, but it was mainly a harvesting operation. We did not feel it necessary to plant trees or to give them much management as they grew. Actually natural reproduction was generally quite good, although we perhaps could have exerted more control over the type of stand that developed. And we probably could have speeded up growth rates by pruning and thinning, at least in the pine stands. Fields not farmed will revert back to forest quite rapidly.

Merton Parsons, a native of South Paris, Maine and a graduate of the University of Maine at Orono, lived in Fairfax, Virginia at the time of his death.





Photos by Thomas J. Marcotte

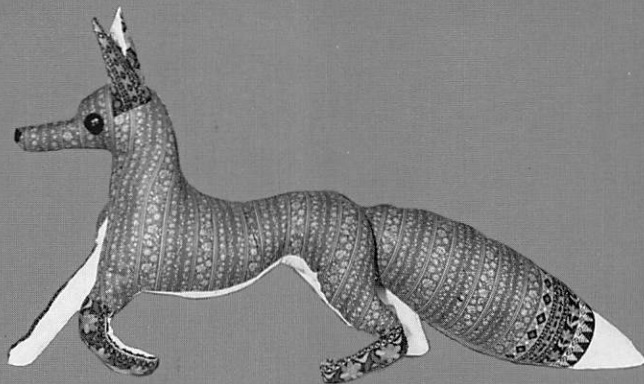






*Above, "Harlequin Jungle," oil by Dahlov Ipcar.
 At right, "Odalisque," 1960, collection of H. B. Carney, Jr.
 Top, cloth sculpture, photo courtesy Colby College.*

*The
Intricate Vision
of Dahlov Ipcar*



The Intricate Vision of Dahlov Ipcar

by Pat Davidson Reef

As a child, Dahlov Ipcar painted and explored the world in creative ways. In her childhood home at Robinhood Cove, near Bath, Maine (where her brother Tessim and his wife Peggy still live), there is a mural which she did as a child. It is a wonderful frieze of colored animals extending around the room in a border at the top of the walls of her former bedroom. It shows clearly her early promise as an artist.

Though she was born in Vermont in 1917, Dahlov Ipcar is considered a Maine artist. She has lived most of her life on Georgetown Island. Dahlov's parents were artists who moved to Maine in the 1920's; she and her brother were brought up in Maine during the summers and in New York during the winters. William Zorach, Dahlov's father, was a famous sculptor. Her mother

Marguerite Zorach painted oils and murals, as well as creating hand-sewn original tapestries.

From the ages of three to thirteen, Dahlov attended City and Country School in New York. Her early works were crayon drawings done summers in the attic of their home in Maine. Later, when she became interested in history at the age of fourteen, she painted scenes of the first World War from her imagination. At this same age, she became interested in murals and did many drawings of farm life.

When Dahlov was 17, she went to Oberlin College. At Oberlin during the 1930's, art students were required to draw mainly from plaster casts. Dahlov needed more freedom to explore her own creative world, so she left Oberlin to grow on her own.

Below, Embarkation, oil, 1974. Collection A. H. Chatfield, Jr. Opposite page, portion of "Golden Savannah," 1979. Dahlov Ipcar's mural at Sun Savings and Loan, Auburn, Maine.





Now she lives with her husband Adolph in an early American farmhouse at the end of a long, narrow country road at Robinhood Cove. The farmhouse stands on top of a hill overlooking a rock garden and woods and fields. Georgie Girl, the family cat, lives with them. Their children Robert and Charlie visit on holidays with the Ipcar grandchildren. There, Dahlov Ipcar has become an international artist and children's author.

Dahlov's oil paintings establish the fact that she is a major artist. Her paintings are found in many museums across the nation: The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art in New York; The Brooklyn Museum, New York; The Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; The Newark Museum, New Jersey; and the Fairleigh Dickinson University in Delaware, among others. In the state of Maine, her works are found in the Colby College Museum of Art, Waterville; Bates College, Lewiston; The Payson Gallery at Westbrook College; the University of Maine; and the new Portland Art Museum.

Her style reflects her own individual vision as an artist. Many of her oil paintings look like intricate hand-painted tapestries. There is a strong sense of innocence and joy in her work; colors are vivid, animals are always in motion. In the work *Odalisque*, an oil done in 1960, we see a majestic cat created in patterns that remind one of a fine fabric.

In *Festival of Stars*, an oil done in 1969 by Dahlov Ipcar, we see clearly her use of a Cubistic background motif. Light falls in shafts behind the figures, creating an exciting supernatural atmosphere.

In *Harlequin Jungle*, 1972, we see the culmination of Dahlov's style. Images overlap, as African animals

move across the foreground of the canvas surface. This large oil looks like a tapestry, and is perhaps one of her best works. Done in myriads of blue shades with purple and aqua weaving through it, the painting has a strong impact. Its stark orange sun vibrates with color on the horizon and makes a strong contrast against the blue and purple tones in the work.

Embarkation, an oil done in 1974, shows an orderly procession of animals getting ready to enter a boat that represents Noah's Ark. The white dove of peace can be seen flying in the sky in this obviously Biblical piece.

Wildebbeests and Zebras, 1977, was recently given to the Colby College Museum of Art. It is a major work, showing her unique style well. This oil has a certain sense of power and shows the brute force of wild animals. Its figures move across the canvas with passion and magnanimity of spirit.

Dahlov is also known for her cloth sculpture—a medium which she originated as an art form many years ago. Her three-dimensional animals in cloth have been shown in museums across the state. The sculptures are composed of a wide variety of patterned materials, filled with kapok, and modeled into animal forms. Some of the animals come from Greek and Roman mythology; many come from Dahlov's own imagination. Her red calico fox is lively and loveable. A kudu from Africa prances with great spirit in unusual batik cloth. Multi-colored fish hang in mid-air. Children respond eagerly and warmly to these cloth sculptures.

Dahlov has written thirty-three books for children. Thousands of children have enjoyed her books in public libraries across the nation. She illustrated her first book in 1945—a story by Margaret Wise Brown, called *The*





Barton & Richard Files



Hazel Files, 1915



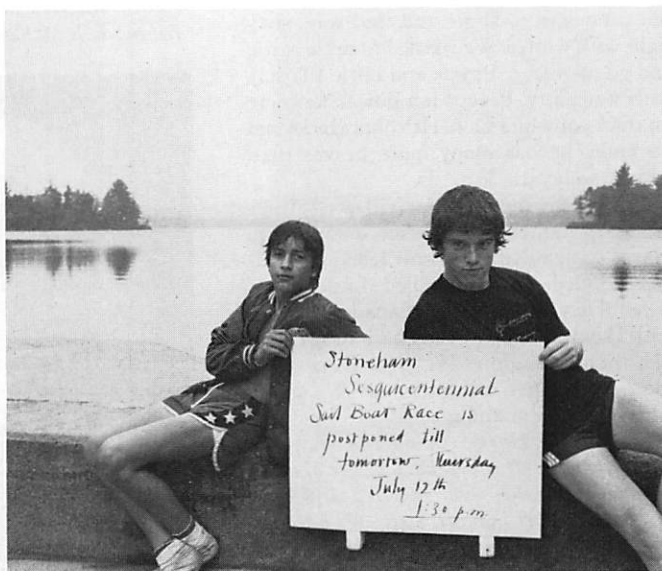
Helen Barker

One Hundred and Fifty Years of Community in Stoneham, Maine

*1984 was a year of celebration for the villagers
Parades, dances, fishing contests, costume parties, music,
kites—all were part of the fun.*



*(l. to r.) Helen Grover, John Fetter, Sarah Grover
(Keith Carreiro photo)*



*At the Sesquicentennial
(Chas. Hamilton photo)*

Then...

AN INDIAN MAIDEN'S STORY

This information was gathered by Adrian Stearns from an original writing owned by his great-aunt, Jane Moody. It was written in the words of the woman who told it—Wakseeja, a full-blooded Penobscot, later Mrs. Horne of Stoneham.

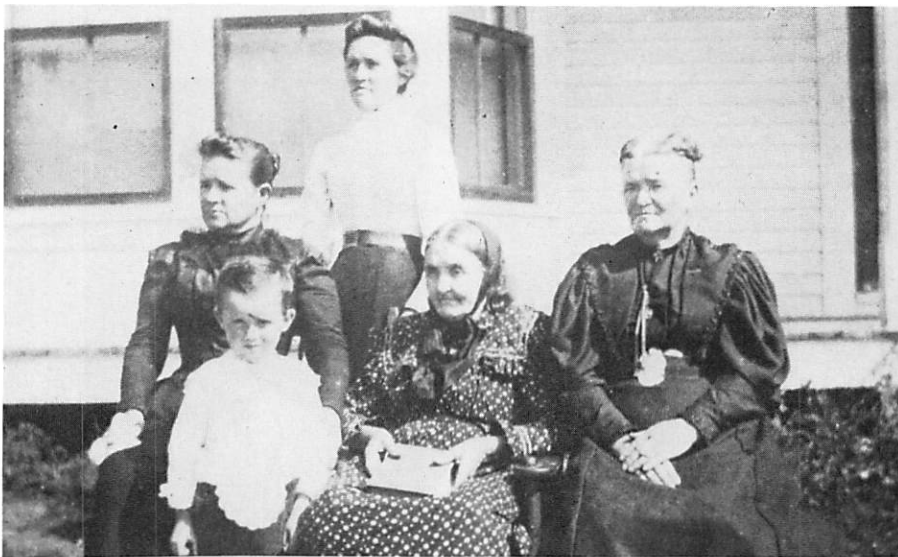
"Many moons ago, we know like two moons, my father, Powak, one of the big chiefs in Penobscot Nation, want Peace with white man, (He) call council of all chiefs, Council send Powak from council to Pegwocket tribe up big Saco (Lovewell's Pond in Fryeburg, Maine) to talk peace with tribe.

"Powak take me and Little Elk, brave me promised to. After many suns we come to Saco Pond. We look, see Pegwocket—great rock crag (now called Jockey Cap). Soon we come to village of Pegwocket tribe—many hogans with stockade around. We stay with tribe to talk peace. (The word Pegwocket means 'punched up through hill,' which is what Jockey Cap looked like to the Indians.)

"Paugus, big chief from another land (New York), come here to get braves to go on raiding party. Old men, squaws, papooses go fishing down Saco Pond. On way back we hear many guns fire near head of pond. We put canoes in to shore and find war party fight with whites. We warned to circle battle and go to village. Powak and Little Elk stay with war party. Paugus tell Powak he come on tracks of white men. He count tracks and he know he has many more braves than whites, so he attacks.

"We circle and head for village. Whites are scalp hunters. Long after moon is up, braves come to village—only few—say Paugus is killed. Powak is killed. Little Elk is killed. They are to move to Canada, so me go with them. It is many suns back to my people, not make it alone. We get to Canada and me find trapper called Horne. We go to white settlement and marry."

This is Mrs. Horne's account of the battle of Capt. Lovewell at Fryeburg. Later, she had a daughter Sallie, who married a Whitehouse (also part Indian). Sallie Whitehouse had a daughter Mary, who married Albion Stearns; they had several children: Lucy, Silas, Sarah, Mary, Arabelle, George and Charles.



Front: Errol Barker, Sally Horne Whitehouse, Mary Abigail Whitehouse Stearns. Back: Lucy Stearns McAllister and Maybelle Barker.



*Above: Mildred Barker
Below: F. J. McKeen*



*Above: Arvilla Miller
Below: Flora Stearns McKeen*





Above, Mary Grover, Sharon McAllister, Frances Adams, Dan Barker at organ. (Carreiro photo)



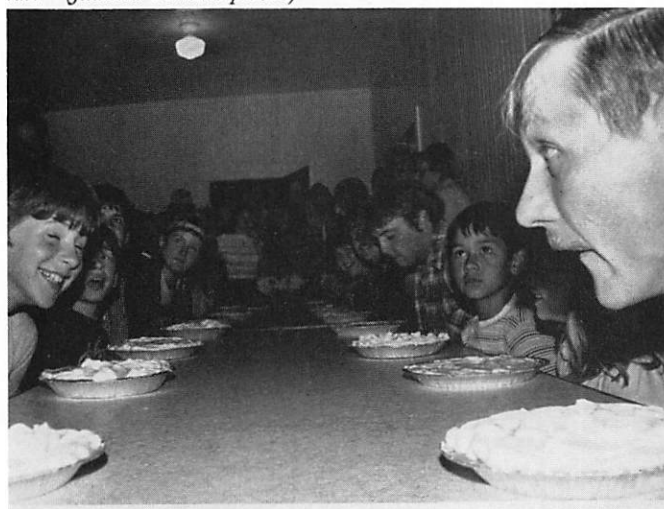
Don Nichols and Jack Gibson at the "musical." (Juanita Perkins photo)



Debbie & Nat Mason (Carreiro photo)



Mertrice & Jr. Barker (Perkins photo)



Pie-eating contest (Carreiro photo)



Firemen's Muster (Perkins photo)

...And Now

Sesquicentennial Events



Note baby bottle



The Children

(Top left) Mr. & Mrs. Claud Brown and son Albert. (Top right) Frederick, Elizabeth & Rowena Eastman. (Middle right) Gwendolin Stewart Moore, b. 1888, and Earland Washburn Moore, b. 1894. (Bottom left) Grace Mae Moore Allen.



At left, winners of kite flying contest — Robert McLaughlin and Sarah Mason (Perkins photos this page)



Mertrice Barker and granddaughters: "I've Got Faith and Hope in the Future." Above, Faith Barker.



LETTERS FROM A PIONEER WIFE

Sarah Cooley married Elisha Allen on October 8, 1805. Elisha enlisted in the War of 1812, leaving his wife Sarah and two children (Sarah and Emily) in Portland, Maine. While on board ship, he was captured by the British and had to spend some time in Dartmoor Prison. His return voyage ran aground near the Florida coast and Elisha Allen *walked* back to Maine.

He and his wife and two children travelled on horseback to Norway, Maine, where they had two more children (Jane, born 1817, and George, born 1820). They then moved to "Batchelder's Grant" (later called East Stoneham) and spent their first year in a log cabin with a blanket for a door.

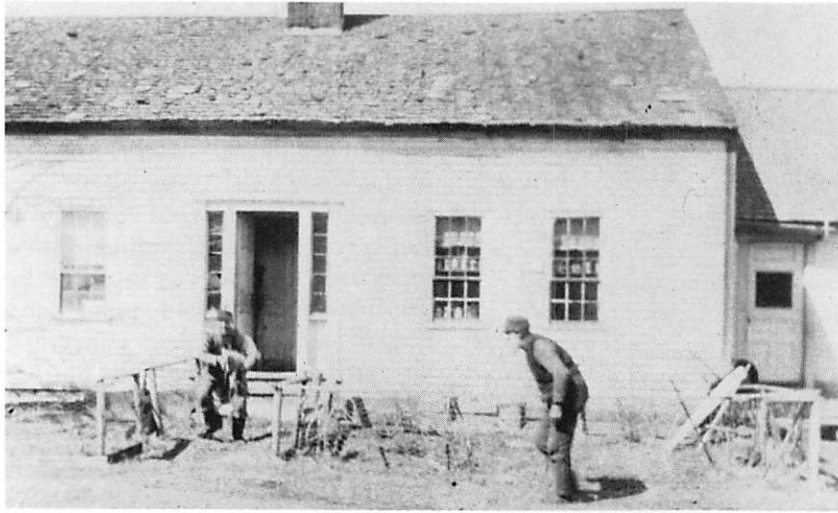
Sarah Cooley Allen's letters to her family from 1823 to 1837 tell the story of hardship, deprivation, and deep faith in God which she and Elisha shared. During this time, there were four more children born: Ashabel Green, 1823; Prudence, 1825; Charles Allen, 1826-1853; and Thomas, 1830 (died ae. 11 days).

Following are excerpts from her letters; in her own way of spelling and writing:

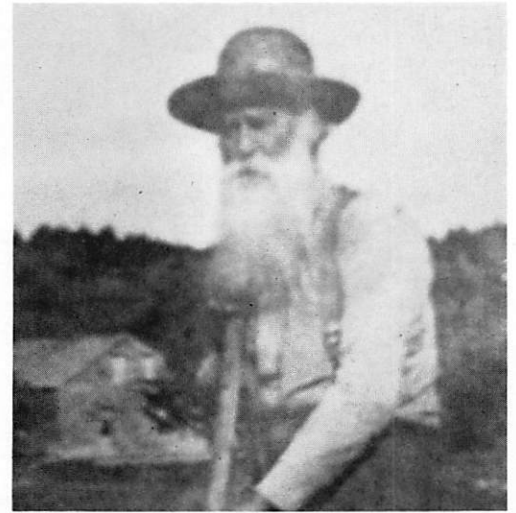
March, 1821

My deare Mother,

I now take my pen in hand to let you know of our wellfare, wee are most all sick with bad colds. Last Thursday I was so sick I kep my bed, but have got much better...George begins to go alone. Elisha has bin to meeting. Has to go two or three miles to meeting and not hear much. One thing I dislike in the Methodist Ch. is for giving liscence to almost every one to preach so as to be all speakers and no hearers...I am sorry Mr. Crease has left this place for he is an excellent speaker. I never realized it so much as since he has bin gone, iniquity seems to abound while



First home built by the Allens. Elisha at right, his son Ashbel on step. House was torn down and replaced.



Elisha Allen, 1777-1865

Some of the best of the faces of the past were loaned by the people of Stoneham.

the love of money waxes bold among us. I think that we shall move in three or four weeks if I can make things turn in my mind. I am tired of living in other folks houses. (Note from Elisha: I want to be in my own land and try to get something for us ...I am far from being discouraged but hope I shall yet be in good circumstances in life.) I received the snuff, soap and calico and candles and you must receive my sincere thanks.

Sarah Allen

June, 1823

I have a young son we call him Ashabel Green. Elisha did not like to call him Zechsiab. he is a nice babe. You sent word that you would send me a paire of shoes or some callaco. I am a goin to have a pare of shoes made out...if you can instead of anything else send me a gownd. I want one to ware to meeting for I have not any but my wooling one...we are privilege beyond all exspectation we have had a school here in oure house. Jane reads in her abs and George in his letters.

goodbye, Sarah Allen

August, 1823

My deare Mother,

i thought it my duty to wright you a few lines respecting our healths, we are all well and injoy a good state of health for which we thank the great Ruler of the universe—there are many people sick and dying up in Bethel...we still see and realize the Lord is good and kind and he has been pleased in his own due time to send some drops of mercy upon us here in this wilderness land...

Oure crop is light owing to the drought—hay is scarce. Elisha has got a deed of land is to give to Mr. Fox a morgage deed. He is going to get in winter grain as fast as possible ...tis a greate while since I tasted one drop of sweetning—tis over two months and you my deare mother i thank kindly for the gownd you sent me and Sarah is as pleased as ever you saw one withe the things you sent her. The young ladies that has ben here from Waterford has always given her some thing and she always keps her things verry nice...

Oure cow and heifer and calf has been gone almost a fortnite in the

woods and Elisha and myself a hunting after them for three days—we was in the woods near about all the time and then it a peared as though I should give up intirely, we have got them fastened in the field...

(Elisha) has been verry busy about baying. he has got a bout six or seven tons of hay. Meddow hay most. We have raised considerable Flax and oure wheat is very good considering the drouth. We have a nice piece of corn and potatoes, pease and beanes and millet and pumpkins. if the frost holds of shall be glad and if it comes we must beare it patient ly...

Ashabel Green is a nice little boy—and is got blue eyes—the largest child I ever had, four months old yesterday the 11th of September... Elisha is reaping wheat...I have got some pigeons on for dinner. Mr. Andrews has cot about fifty dozen pigeons this week and Monday last I was over thare and picked pigeons all day. George stands to my elbow and smiling says, I want to kiss grammam...

Your dutyful daughter, Sarah Allen



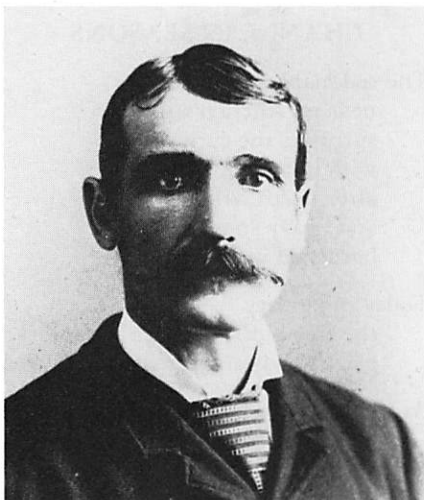
Mr. J. S. Allen



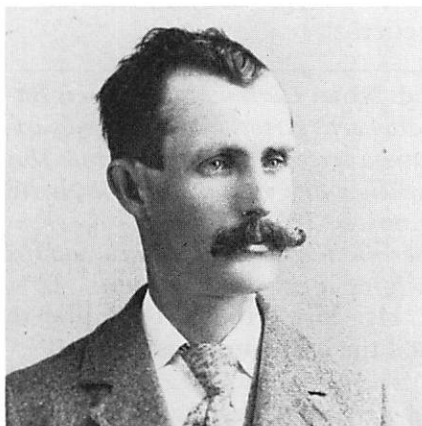
Mrs. Sadie Allen



Mamie Barker



Silas McKeen



John Kendall



Mary Ella Kendall Clark

LIFE'S BATTLE

It looks like a long hard road, dear,
To go the rest of the way alone.
No more can I watch by the gate, dear,
Waiting for you to come home.

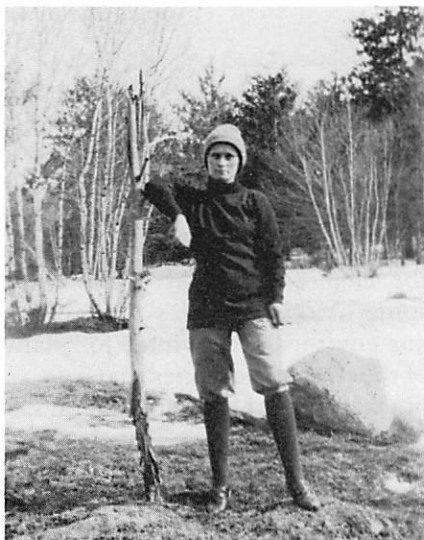
But the sweetest memories I have, dear,
No one can take them away.
For the blessing of your love, dear,
Forever with me stay.

There are four little pairs of feet, dear,
I must try and guide them right.
That's why I am left alone here,
With God's help I'll win the fight.

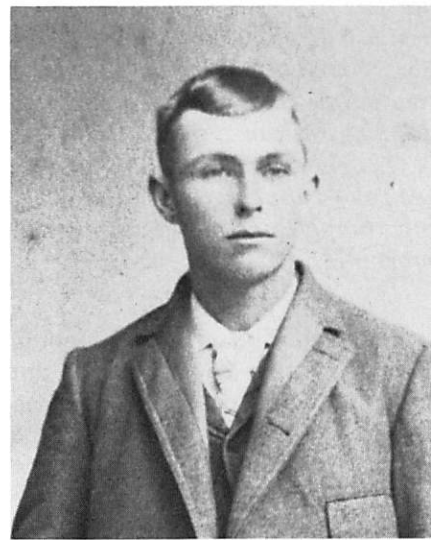
I will try to smile through tears, dear,
Though my heart is breaking in two.
I am glad there is peace for you, dear,
As I take up life's battle anew.

Ethel McKeen Howe

*(She must have done her job well; she is
the mother of Alton Howe, Sheriff of Oxford
County, Maine.)*



Ruby Tripp McKeen



Charles Kendall

May, 1825

My Deare Mother,

...I wish you would aske oure Mrs. Fox...to send me a little rice to make me some porige against time of need, I have no thing but some indian meal—that is good enough but I had rather have a little rice if I could git some. Thare is nothing to be had here in the woods or even Borrowed...oure sheep has got nice fleases on them, we have foure nice lambs, the first one died. Five bushels and half wheat and rye. Elisha has sown and has bushel and half more to sow...Marm I am a goin to send you a fue dried apples—they are verry nice as apple time is almost over. We have thre trees that will blossom quite thick, we have got that piece all cleared with wheat and rie and grass seed that he was a felling at the South end of the lot...acers he has cleared up all smothe above the house, he has sown all down to grass ...we have two nice hogs and the old sow is agoin to have some pigs.

I have priced me up another quilt out of everything that was calico a bout the house and took Sarah's old dimity scirt and colloured it...it is only a little better than a week since I was to Waterford and got some spining and have spun thirteen double sciens all linen but two sciens beside patching and mending. I have got 15 double sceines of lining and two pillow cases full of two to spin as quick as I can...

O my mother how much I want to see you—cannot tell. Elisha is packing shingles out of the woods this morning.

Your daughter Sarah

Ed. Note: The sentence including "since I was to Waterford and got some spining" probably refers to flax or wool which she took to the Hapgood Carding Mill there—now a feature of Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts.

... Learning To Ski

Twice I sailed by Jack, and he had to catch up to me! I think he's a little bit proud of what he's done with me in a relatively short period of time.

I am no longer non-exercising. Skiing sees to that—as well as a regular exercise program I've begun at home to help me improve my skiing. I am no longer non-athletic, and I never will be again.

Yes, I am still forty years old, but I've never felt younger, better, or happier. And, as far as the "flatlander" part goes, I guess the "highlanders" will never let me forget that I am one. But Jack and I know better.

Ed. Note: Lauren MacArthur is BitterSweet's Associate Editor and part-time correspondent. She wrote this article while working for the **North Conway Irregular**, which gave us permission to use the article and the accompanying photographs.

Ms. MacArthur would like to add the following tips:

I would like to take a paragraph or two to emphasize the fact that persons wishing to learn to ski should invest in a lesson or two. You'll learn the basic techniques of how to turn, slow down, stop—and get up! It will give you confidence to continue and appreciate the sport to its fullest.

DO NOT—WHATEVER YOU DO—let friends drag you to the top of the mountain and set you free. This happens frequently and many dismayed people go away from the mountains—if they're lucky—feeling defeated. I met one such young lady this past Thursday. She was so petrified—she **WALKED** down the mountain and was near tears when we talked to her.

Don't let so-called friends do that to you.

Take some lessons and start out "SLOW AND LOW."

You'll get to the top, and when you do you'll enjoy the thrill that comes with it—when you're not afraid.

The lessons are all over for me. But the thrill and the fun? NEVER.

Thank you Jack, Sandy, Ellen, Jeff, Hans, and all you others at ATTITASH who have made this an outstanding experience in my life.

No more DEVANT SKI for me. For those of you who may not know—Devant means "before."

Apres Ski—here I come! *

CHANGE IN SEASONS

The red maple
near my kitchen window
surprises me each spring
with unfolding growth
after north winds
and heavy snows
burdened it all winter

Today in January
the tree blossoms with icy spears
glazed buds and translucent leaves

As the sun rises higher in the sky
my maple is graced
with one glorious moment
of winter beauty.

Clo Weirich
Sioux City, Iowa

... Brookfield Farm
hit. We were, however, fortunate to be living in a rural area where one could survive off the land; thus we were spared some of the more unpleasant problems prevalent in urban areas. Nevertheless, if I were given the chance, I should gladly trade some of the novelties that invade our environs each winter for many of the simpler activities that were so much a part of winters several decades ago.

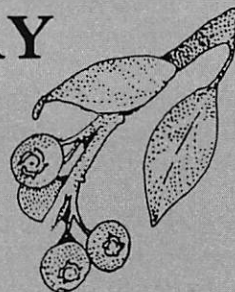
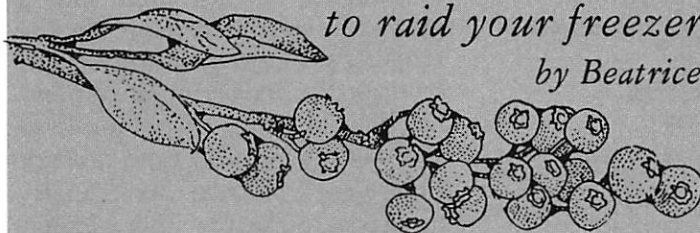
Jack Barnes lives in Hiram, Maine. He is an award-winning teacher of civilization studies.

Homemade

OLD-FASHIONED BLUEBERRY DESSERTS

What could be better in mid-winter than to raid your freezer's summer bounty?

by Beatrice H. Comas



Although Maine, my native State, is number one in the production of low-bush blueberries with 80 per cent frozen and the rest canned, I still hark back to the days when folks I knew went "blueberrying," which meant fresh blueberry muffins, cake, pie and those luscious old-fashioned New England desserts with quaint, descriptive names that identified them. Many had their origin in English or Early American cookery.

The "fool" is one of the simplest of desserts. Whipped cream is stirred into the stewed fruit in a marbled design. Traditionally, it was made of gooseberries, a fruit which is now sometimes hard to find. This recipe has a modern touch; cream cheese blended with the sugar and cream.

Blueberry Fool

- 1 pint fresh blueberries*
- ¼ cup sugar*
- 1½ teaspoons cornstarch*
- 1½ teaspoons lemon rind*
- 1 3-ounce package cream cheese, softened*
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar*
- ½ teaspoon vanilla*
- 1 cup whipping cream*

Place blueberries in a medium-size saucepan. Mix sugar, cornstarch, and lemon rind (or use 1 teaspoon lemon juice). Sprinkle over berries. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly and bubbles for 1 minute. Remove from heat. Cool completely. Pour into a 4- or 5-cup glass bowl. Cover, and refrigerate for several hours.

To serve, beat cream cheese until soft. Blend in confectioners' sugar and vanilla. Add cream and beat until

fluffy and soft peaks form. Spoon cream mixture on top of blueberries, then gently fold in, leaving streaks of blue.

Blueberry Slump and Blueberry Grunt are both very old "Down East" recipes and without their picturesque names would simply be called Blueberry Dumplings!

Blueberry Grunt

- 1 cup water*
- ½ cup sugar*
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice*
- 3 cups fresh or frozen blueberries*
- 1 cup flour*
- 1 teaspoon baking powder*
- 2 tablespoons sugar*
- 1 egg*
- ½ cup milk*
- Dash of allspice (optional)*

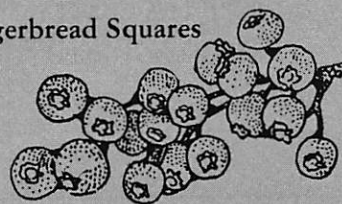
Mix the water with the ½ cup sugar and lemon juice. Bring to a boil. Add blueberries and simmer for 3 or 4 minutes.

To make the dumplings, sift the flour with baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Add the flour mixture. Drop by teaspoon into the simmering blueberries. Cover tightly and cook for 10 minutes. No peeking! Serve with heavy cream or vanilla ice cream.

Gingerbread is one of the oldest of all sweet cakes. In this dessert, it is combined with blueberries, popular since the time the Pilgrims settled here. Try it warm, cold, or several days old!

Blueberry Gingerbread Squares

- ½ cup shortening*
- 1 cup sugar*
- 1 egg*
- 2 cups sifted flour*
- ½ teaspoon ginger*

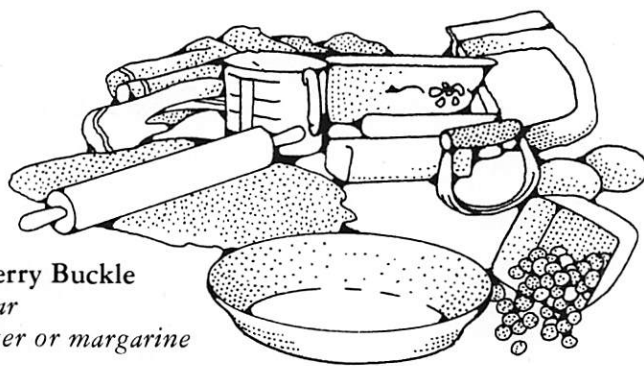


1 teaspoon cinnamon
 ½ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon soda
 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
 3 tablespoons molasses
 1 cup blueberries, fresh or frozen
 (coated with 2 tablespoons
 flour)

¼ cup sugar

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the egg and mix well. Sift together the flour, ginger, cinnamon, salt, and soda and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Add the molasses. Fold in blueberries. Pour batter into a 15 x 10 x 1-inch baking pan. Sprinkle sugar over the batter. When cake is baked, this becomes a sweet crusty topping. Bake at 350°F 18 to 20 minutes, or use a 13 x 10-inch pan and bake 30 to 40 minutes.

The word "buckle" is archaic with about 40 definitions, one of which is "crisp curl." The crisp, curly surface of Blueberry Buckle seems to fit this



Blueberry Buckle

¾ cup sugar
 ¼ cup butter or margarine
 2 eggs
 ½ cup milk
 1½ cups all purpose flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 ½ teaspoon nutmeg
 ¼ teaspoon cloves
 2 cups fresh or frozen blueberries
 ½ cup sugar
 ⅓ cup flour
 ½ teaspoon cinnamon
 ¼ cup soft butter or margarine

Cream the ¾ cup sugar with the butter. Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Stir in milk. Sift together, then stir in the 1½ cups flour, baking powder,

salt, nutmeg and cloves. Fold in blueberries. Spread batter into a greased 9-inch square pan. Combine remaining ingredients and mix until crumbly. Sprinkle crumbs over batter. Bake in a 375°F oven for 45 to 50 minutes or until top springs back when lightly touched. Serve warm, cut in squares. Serve with hot lemon or vanilla sauce, if desired.

The legendary "Sally Lunn" is British in origin and perhaps that is how it found its way to New England. This blueberry dessert bears little resemblance to the pastry for which Sally was famous...a light, fluffy bread, which also may be baked in the form of buns.

Blueberry Sally Lunn

2 cups flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 ½ teaspoon salt
 ½ cup soft butter or margarine
 ½ cup white sugar
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 cup blueberries
 2 tablespoons brown sugar
 ½ teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. In a bowl, cream the butter with the sugar. Add flour mixture and beaten eggs. Mix well and fold in the blueberries. Pour batter into a greased 8 x 8-inch baking pan. Mix the brown sugar with the cinnamon and sprinkle on top of the batter. Bake in a preheated 350°F oven for 45 minutes.

Beatrice Comas is a freelance writer from South Portland, Maine. She's a regular contributor.



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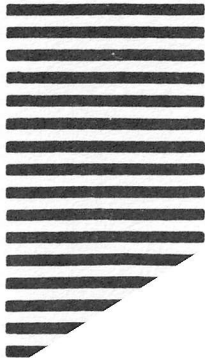
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Cookbook Crisis

by Jean Pottle

When my cookbook collection grew to 110 cookbooks I resolved I would never buy another cookbook. After all, how many recipes can one person prepare in a lifetime and, as important, how many more waist-expanding recipes can my husband face? Imagine my consternation when I found myself a few weeks ago buying number 111. I didn't mention 111 to my husband, for the poor man has enough to contend with when he faces the previous 110, the hundreds of back copies of *Gourmet* and *Bon Appetite* stacked in every closet in the house, and the dozens of recipes which spill from every drawer in my kitchen. Does any dieter deserve this? No, but this is his plight which I assure him is completely his mother's fault. After all, she was the one who got me started on my love affair with cooking.

It all began when she gave me *The Joy of Cooking* by Irma S. Rombauer. I had had no contact with cookbooks, for my mother had cooked what her mother and grandmother had cooked and her only cookbook was the one she had put together through years of clipping and cutting, and writing recipes gleaned from friends, relatives, and magazines. When I looked through *Joy* I thought I was set for a lifetime of cooking. For the first couple of years I used Mrs. Rombauer as a reference. If I did anything, from making a meatloaf to cooking peas, I turned to her for advice. My cooking remained simple. We had little money with which to buy ingredients for special recipes and I was very aware that my husband had been brought up in a food-conscious household presided over by a mother who baked her own bread, did wondrous things with fish, and enlivened the duller foods with rich delicious sauces. How could I compete? I decided not to.

One day while looking for a simple inexpensive recipe to serve at a tea (in the fifties faculty wives still had teas), I came across Mrs. Rombauer's recipe for Deep Well Cookies. She explained that they could be called Hussar Balls, Thimble Cookies, Thumbprint Cookies, or Pits of Love. The idea of serving Pits of Love at a staid faculty tea was irresistible, especially when the cookie itself was described as economical—a magic word in my vocabulary. The recipe was as simple as its names were exotic. The cookie was a basic sugar cookie dressed up with a well in the center which was filled with jam at serving time. The cookies and their suggestive name were a great success.

With one success under my apron, it was onward and upward to Lemon Ice which warmed up many a dinner conversation, and cheese soufflé, and cinnamon bread. By that time I had discovered that serving good food is the best form of entertainment for both the cook and guests.

As time passed it became more and more of a challenge to present new dishes for our guests and family to sample. Of course, I turned to new recipes and from there to new cookbooks. At first I stuck with basic cookbooks including *The New York Times Cookbook*, *The Fanny Farmer Cookbook*, and others of that ilk. From there it was on to wonderful regional cookbooks like Marjorie Standish's *Down East Cooking* and *Keep Cooking the Maine Way*. As I kept cooking, my husband's waist kept expanding which did not deter his mother from giving me yet another cookbook, *The Vermont Year Round Cookbook*, Recipes for all seasons from Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen. This delightful book by Louise Andrews Kent blended gorgeous photographs and wonderful recipes with delightful stories about the fictitious Mrs. Appleyard. I was enchanted to discover a cookbook which focused on my two favorite subjects, food and people. Once introduced to this

type of cookbook I was hooked. I occasionally pined for a big, fat, new cookbook, but I became a sucker for a cookbook with a story. Relatives and friends did all they could to encourage me in my addiction for they knew that each new cookbook would give me pleasure in the reading and them in the eating.

What fun I've had. I remember the first time I read M.F.K. Fisher's *With Bold Knife and Fork*. As stated on the cover, it did contain "140 Delectable Recipes" but better than the recipes was Fisher's way with words. It was as delightful to read and reread her prose as it was to cook with her recipes.

It was Peg Bracken's book *The I Hate to Cook Book* which first introduced me to the kitchen pessimists. It didn't take long for me to fall under Peg's spell. True, her book concentrates on shortcuts to meal production, but it also includes some marvelous recipes among which is a recipe for a chicken-artichoke casserole which has been a favorite for fifteen years and which is guaranteed to bring even the most determined dieter back for more.

Book shops are filled with new cookbooks, but some of my most interesting discoveries have been elderly books found in corners of secondhand book stores. One of my favorites is entitled *If You Must Cook* by Jennette Lee. In the introductory chapter written by Miss Lee in 1926, she describes her plight when at 50 she found herself cookless and with a cooking repertoire limited to coddling eggs and boiling potatoes. Being a strong individual, she determined to conquer the kitchen. Conquer it she did in a most matter-of-fact way while facing the perils of waterless cookery and a faulty coal stove. Her recipes are down-to-earth and fool-proof. This woman was determined not to be a slave to her kitchen. Cookbooks like Miss Lee's make enjoyable reading because they bring home how much life has changed for the chief cook and bottle washer since the beginning of the century. What could



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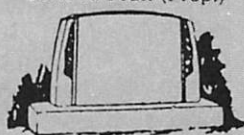
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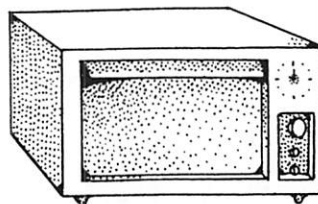
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Miss Lee be capable of had she had a microwave oven and a dishwasher?

As my collection has grown, I have become aware of cookbooks with "literary merit." Yes, they exist. I own a copy of *Whistler's Mother's Cookbook* complete with copies of the master's works and recipes which his mother prepared for him. I also have *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book* in which one can learn what was eaten by the literary lights in the 1930's. Perhaps the most pretentious cookbook title I have ever read is *The Transcendental Boiled Dinner* by John Pullen. This is a must for St. Patrick's Day dinners. To satisfy my passion for mystery and detective story characters I have found two Sherlock Holmes cookbooks and a cookbook containing recipes from "Madame Maigret," the wife of Simenon's famous detective.

As I've added cookbook after cookbook to my collection, I've assured my husband that cookbooks are not only guaranteed to drive away mealtime boredom, but they are necessary to an English teacher interested in contemporary arts and letters.

If the last sentence sounds like a rationalization, you are right. My husband has heard these arguments and more as he had feebly asserted his need to stick to a simple meal routine which would aid him in returning to his pre-marriage slimness. There must be a compromise somewhere but we've not found it. I continue to buy cookbooks, read recipes, and cook. He continues to maintain his determination to diet while reiterating that all-important question, "What's for dinner?"

Jean Pottle is a teacher living in Raymond, Maine.

STALKING TRACKS ON THE GORE ROAD

by Susan Dorman

"Don't go into the woods," they warned me when I first came to Maine a few months ago. "Coyote and wild dogs, bears live there." This after my comment about anticipating a mountainous hike.

So of course I stuck to the road on my way to the post office yesterday. Slowly, walking along the sand shoulder, I became aware that I was following a set of tracks like none I'd ever seen. Spread your fingers apart and, if you have a size six female hand, you have the approximate size of those tracks. Then imagine them leading away before you like craters in the wet sand.

Goody. A little mystery to liven up my day and give me something refreshing to puzzle over. Dish-like. And look at that heart shape. These must be...yes! I've never seen moose tracks on my way to the post office before living in Maine. I'm virtually certain I never saw them in Akron, Ohio.

As I walked beside those homely tracks I began to feel like a companion to the moose, who must have passed the night before. I pictured him clomping along in the dark on his way to... Here was a moose walking along the Gore Road, humming to himself some old country and western tune. Probably one with a Marty Robbins flavor. I was shadowing him, wondering where in the heck moose go at 1 a.m.

We were approaching the highway. Still puzzling out the question of the moose's destination, I was certain it wasn't the post office. Ours closes at 5 p.m. But oddly Bob's Corner Store didn't seem far-fetched.

The tracks disappeared at the highway but reappeared again in the sand on the opposite side. I trailed him past Jordan's Restaurant, past the turn-off to Mt. Abram. We were approaching Bob's store.

Did a moose wander through here last night? I almost asked Bob, who was upending a can of motor oil under the hood of a customer's car.

"She dead this time, you think?" he asked, looking up.

"Huh? Oh yeah, I think she's dead for

good," I answered, knowing perfectly well he was referring not to the moose but to our car, which, coincidentally, had died on the Gore Road the night before and had to be towed home.

"Saw a good car yesterday you might have liked but it's gone now. Good little car."

"We're keeping our eyes open for one... Er, I think I saw moose tracks on the Gore Road."

He wouldn't be a bit surprised if they come down through that marsh between his house and the American Legion Hall; ate all the leaves off his cherry tree last year and killed it.

Yeah, but where do they go? I had to stop myself from asking. After all, moose are supposed to be everyday things in Maine.

I tried to picture my moose going home, lighting a lamp, sitting down to a cup of tea with bread and butter while reading the funny paper. I ached to discover the mystery but my frame of reference was all wrong.

I tried again. "Is it safe to go in the woods?" looking up at the pine trees covering the hillside. "I'd like to go in the woods," wistfully.

"Nothin' you need to fear in the Maine woods," he flatly stated. "Except maybe in October during matin' season. Nothin' to fear."

As simple as that. In that brief declaration, made by a hunter who knew the woods, came freedom to do the thing I'd come to Maine to do.

So I'm going to keep watch at night beside the door, and if the moonlight reveals a solitary moose clopping evenly along the sand shoulder, he'll shortly have the feeling he's being followed.

I just want to be there when he stops humming to look around.

WE WORKED TO WIN THE WAR

by Ellen Watson Greer

Japan bombed Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941 and we were at war.

I went to work at the Maine Skewer and Dowel Corp. in Farmington, Maine, December 28. This was a small wood-working factory that made good quality dowels and dowel products.



Art by Susan Byerley

The owner, Fred Chadborne, was a middle-aged bachelor, a bit more broad-minded than many owners of small businesses then. His original factory had been in Vienna, Maine, and he had bought this larger and more modern building in Farmington a few years previously.

He was very loyal to his Vienna employees. It seemed to those of us who worked there that no Vienna resident or past Vienna employee would get fired if he/she attended to work and obeyed the rules. And most of them were good workers. It seemed to me it was easier to work without the stress of job uncertainty.

Fred had rules. One firm rule was *no smoking* except in one restricted area. In spite of shortage of manpower, one man was fired. He was a Canadian sailor who had been torpedoed and was suffering from a nervous condition. None of us felt sad to see him leave, because OUR nerves weren't good when the smell of cigarette smoke drifted from the men's rest room. We weren't slow to report infractions of that rule. A wood-working mill is vulnerable to disastrous fires.

No in-factory love affairs were allowed for a married person. If one got started, the woman was usually blamed as the seducer and fired.

Arguments were not allowed to develop into serious quarrels. "If you can't get along, get done," was the ultimatum. Most everyone wanted a steady job and controlled his/her disposition.

Routine, if boring, work and a steady pay check, even if small, has a most smoothing effect. We needed it with so many of our friends and relatives in the armed services.

We worked hard to do our share. Most of the men were drafted, so we women worked on men's jobs. Some of them weren't too bad but I had one job that was like doing sitting-up exercises all day; I had muscles like fillet mignon up and down my back. It seemed that Japan had supplied paint brush handles to the United States and I think we took over all their market.

The salesmen got drafted and Fred had to do the selling in the New York markets. Women worked at different speeds than men and he found he had to sell more paint brush handles to keep *us* busy.

Fred got us together and gave us speeches and pep talks. He emphasized that we not talk about our work. He said one particular job might not be significant but, if a spy was gathering information, each piece would be a part of a jig-saw puzzle that could diminish our successes in the war.

We cooperated and never asked what our work had to do with the war effort—thus we couldn't inadvertently give out information.

Once a directive came from government sources to get out an order quickly. That was Friday. Part of the crew went on a night shift. Everyone worked on that particular order Friday night, Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday, Sunday night, Monday, Monday night. Tuesday morning we finished it and we were exhausted. Everyone had speeded up to the limit.

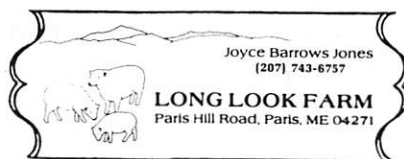
Several weeks later, Fred made one of his speeches praising us and saying that the order reached its destination on time. We never knew where or its use.

Fred heard more war news than we

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did. He was very depressed one speech day. He wanted us to cheer him up the next time he returned from a selling trip.

Some of the men were quite fluent story-tellers. Fred asked us to have a story-telling contest. Women were in one division, men in a second division. Several of the men complained. They said the men should be divided into two divisions, professional and non-professional story-tellers. Those chauvinistic men seemed to think we women didn't have talent.

Well, the great day arrived and the four or five men in the professional division competed. The non-professional men plainly didn't have talent.

I won the women's division—the prize was a bag of chocolates. They were not easy to obtain in war times so it was a nice prize. I shared with the other women and each had one. I had two. Some remarks were made that I should have been in the professional division.

Fred wasn't a smiling man. I don't know if we cheered him or not.

I received a small raise once that amounted to \$1.10 per week. That put me in a higher income bracket and \$1.00 was taken out for tax and one cent for old age. I received nine cents more on my pay check.

We were like an extended family. If anyone had a problem, someone else was ready to help.

Maybe we wanted some knitting needles. Dowels could be tapered into them. If we needed a measuring cup (unavailable in stores) these were easily made with tin shears and a tin can.

Many of the employees were very knowledgeable and could share all kinds of advice and information. Several became entrepreneurs in later years. A large proportion sent their children on to college.

In those days the banks weren't interested in working-class people. We didn't have much money and they didn't keep hours that were convenient for 7-to-5 workers. (Bankers have learned a few things now.)

Someone in Washington had the idea of buying Savings Bonds through payroll deductions. With gas rationing, shoe rationing, meat rationing, etc., we had money to spare.

When the war was over, each worker had saved enough to buy a new car and our parking lot looked like the parking lot of a country club.

Me, I bought an education and left for a less physically demanding career.

THE JOY OF OWNING A MODEL A

by Nadja Bolio

While still a dashing bachelor, my father bought his first Model A automobile. What a thrill it was for his best girl—my mother—to go on a Sunday drive. 35 miles an hour was his top speed. He didn't dare go any faster. And yet, they got to see quite a lot of the countryside as well as each other.

It was a handsome car indeed! Though there was a certain amount of skepticism about it when it was first introduced in 1927, the Model A did very well in the years that followed. Here was a bright new flashy model—more streamlined than the Model T. It had balloon tires, a new gear shift and even brighter colors. It was so well received that it soon became a best-seller. My father just had to have one for himself!

Father couldn't drive when he first bought this automobile. Coming from a European country, he could hardly speak English, never mind read an auto instruction booklet. It was the salesman who sold him his car who explained, as best he could, about how to drive. And my father took his car to a backwoods road, experimenting as he went, and taught himself to drive, mastering the technique more and more as the days went by.

Once in awhile the car would bump into an object; it even tipped over completely one slippery day. Scrambling out a side window, Father brushed himself off, rocked the car back into position with the help of some passersby and drove off with hardly a scratch to himself or to his precious automobile. Quite a far cry from the accidents we have today! No doubt greater speeds have much to do with the seriousness of an accident but the Model A was a sturdy little car that went for years without a dent or a bruise. No seat belts were needed in those days.

What girl wouldn't have her head turned by such a car? My mother was no exception. Mother never did learn to drive, but loved to pose behind the wheel and have her picture taken. Because it was such a car of distinction, many of the family photos showed the Model A in view.

The very first Model A Father bought was quite a nifty number for that time. It was a Model A two-door sedan that featured graceful lines and a new modern appearance. With a sleek, yellow body and shiny black roof, fenders and trim, it was the cause of much talk around the neighborhood. People would actually stop and stare as he drove by.

After he got married, Father sported a plain black Model A. It seemed more conservative, as he soon filled it up with four children and sometimes four more that were cousins. Kids could be quite destructive to a flashy car anyway.

As children, we did enjoy Father's cars—all of them. Often we would sneak down under the back seat unnoticed when Father took off for the store. The curtain in the back window made the back seat dark and mysterious and we would pull it way down and pretend we were in a train traveling to an unknown and exciting place.

The back seats were made deeper and softer than those of the Model T. What fun we had as we lifted the seat once in awhile to find an assortment of pennies, nickels, dimes, candy and all sorts of treasures that had fallen from someone's back pockets.

On rainy days, the swishing of the wipers attached to the top of the windshield clacked us children off to dreamland. Those wipers would get stuck every so often and a new one had to be purchased. Wipers were guaranteed for four months only. After that, it was the owner's responsibility to get a new pair. And every four months, it seemed, a new one *had* to be purchased. Maybe it was because we kids liked to work them manually from time to time.

The doors of the Model A featured pockets made of pleated upholstery material. These were soon filled with all the junk we could accumulate on a trip. Some pretty rocks could be stored there. Dolls with heads peeking out enjoyed a



behind the wheel

ride. Comic books also settled in there. Gum wrappers, pencils, coloring books, crayons and a miscellaneous bunch of things-we-just-had-to-have would find their way into those pockets.

Those days cars weren't traded in as much. My father usually rode his to the very end. But even when he was through with the car by getting just about as much as he could out of it, he thought it a shame to just junk it. With four of us kids living downstairs and four of our cousins living upstairs as well as lots of neighborhood kids around, Father let us use the car in the yard. Our play car was mounted on four posts and placed prominently to the side of our house so our mother could watch and know where we were all the time. The girls immediately claimed it as a playhouse, while the boys argued they wanted it for a race car.

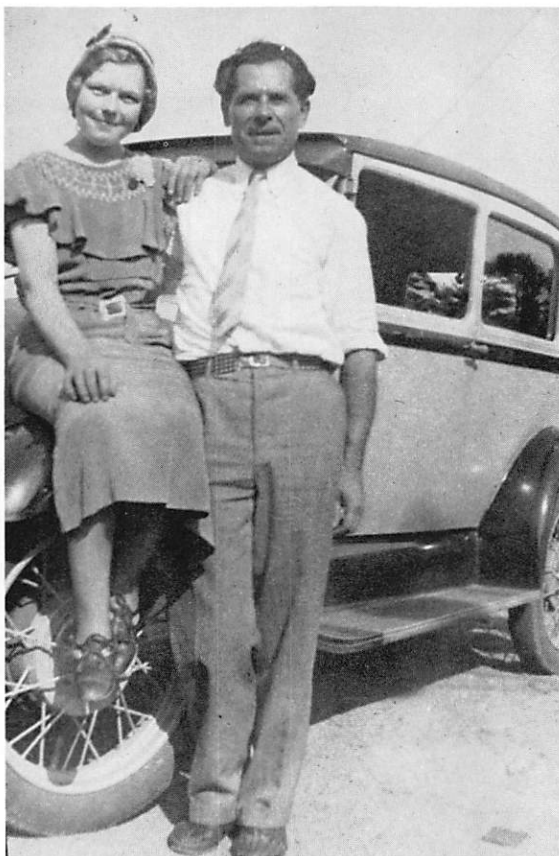
For awhile we took turns but with all the boy-girl arguments we had, one play car just didn't do. So, when Father needed another new car, a second car was placed beside the older model for two play cars; one for the boys and one for the girls. What fun we had driving along in our imaginations or dreaming

up vivid adventures with these cars. Even a loose spring from the back seat wouldn't dampen our enthusiasm. It created more excitement as we bounced ourselves to the ceiling.

In spite of all his Model A's, Father wasn't too mechanical. He did what he could, though, like adding water to the radiator—which could be quite often during real hot spells and much hill climbing. Then there was the draining of the oil pan every so often and keeping the right air pressure in the tires and the endless patching of the tire tubes. Roads in those days were mostly dirt that held sharp rocks, glass and other objects. It wouldn't take long before a tire could get punctured. Men could be seen at the side of a road, here and there, all diligently changing their tires with a disgusted look on their faces.

It was great fun to sit in the front seat and watch my father drive. Driving then was real work. The gear shift lever had to be used at every corner, when you slowed down and started again. Sometimes it would not work that well and the car would bump and bounce all over

*The Bryant Pond
writer remembers
her father's Model A*



the road much to the delight of all the kids in the back seat. It felt like a bucking horse and we wanted to ride it all the way. Steering a car in the right direction took real muscles too. I felt proud to see my father maneuver a hard corner or hill. It took strong arms to keep the car going 'steady as she goes'.

My father would carry an assortment of auto tools that came with the car in the front seat under his seat cushions. All the kids would paw over these tools every so often and pretend we were repairing the car. What an exasperating time he had when a much-needed tool ended up missing. Today I can get just as exasperated when there is no tire pump in my car. With the price of automobiles today, you would think the auto dealers would at least furnish a little pump with each purchase. I bet that small favor would up the car sales by a long shot.

To conserve tire wear and make his car last longer my father would drive 20 - 25 - 30 miles an hour. Any trip that involved only 5 to 10 miles seemed endless. But we didn't mind. We rather liked it. It was always adventurous to us

going on a trip. We sang, we talked, we laughed and looked out of the windows constantly for new sights to see.

Father loved all his Model A's. And I'm sure my own son would love to have one just like his grandfather's today. Good Model A's are hard to come by these days. They are most-wanted collector's items. Maybe I should have saved those old play cars that gave us so much pleasure. But as I grew older I wanted to go on to more modern inventions. And the old cars were finally scrapped for good. Looking over the photo albums with the family Model A clearly in sight will always bring back warm memories of the joy it brought me. Memories that speak of a quieter age—the good old yesterdays when 35 miles an hour was top speed and life didn't have to rush along as fast as it does today. It was a time of seeing things and taking time out to enjoy them. It even seemed safer back then as we piled into our family vehicle, the dependable Model A, chugging along peacefully on our Sunday drives.

MAINE WINTER REMEMBERED

by Carlton Fuller

*Thoughts of youthful years
spent in a beautiful land.*

The State of Maine is a beautiful land in any of its five seasons (yes — I said *five!* — read on); all it takes is viewing each of them individually and in the proper perspective.

Summer — soft grass, warm breezes, sweet air; **Fall** — colors galore, acrid smoke of burning leaves, harvest time and Thanksgiving Day; **Winter** — naked trees, clear night air, cold days, colder nights, stark white landscape; **Spring** — the snow turns to dirty brown heaps of crusty ice along the side of the road and soon disappears, flowers break through the soft earth, green comes back to the world, *and* cool, sweet maple sap flows into buckets swinging from the sides of the famous *Maine sugar maple*, seemingly put there for the distinct purpose of quenching the thirst of lucky youngsters; and finally the season of **Mud** — there are no words in the thesaurus which adequately describe this offcast season of rain-dulled skies and muddy ground; and it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to find beauty in this sad but necessary part of the year.

Even if hidden, each of these seasons does have its beauty and joys. Each has its undesirable traits. But, for me, winters in Maine bring the sweetest of memories:

The chimes of distant sleigh bells floating lightly over a land blanketed with a thick, soft, sugar-white icing of snow. Their jingle-jangle song is timed by the soft clop-clop prancing of a spirited horse.

Clear, deep night skies, their dark beauty and stillness punctuated by the flickering of stars, streaks of cold blue-green flashing feathers of the Northern Lights. Trees, houses, people, and landscape, all in silhouette by the light of a bright full moon reflecting on diamond crusted hills. The laughter of children romping waist-deep in snow.

The tantalizing aroma of fresh-baked pies, cakes, cookies, and fried doughnuts (I believe it's still spelled the old-

fashioned way down there) greeting me as I came indoors from the frosty air.

These are but a few of my thoughts as I remember winters past.

Oh, Maine was beautiful in winter!

Preparations for Winter

Before the snows came, the house foundation had to be deeply banked with fir branches, and storm windows had to be bolted into place to keep out the soon-to-come cold and snow. This was in a time before blown-in insulation.

Even with all the fir branches and the storm windows in place, white-bearded, icy-haired Old Man Winter and his chilly assistant Jack Frost were never held fully at bay. The windows of my second story bedroom faced south—the sheltered side—yet many were the mornings I awoke to find little drifts of snow on the *inside window ledge*! And, every morning when the temperature had dropped below the freezing point during the night (and that was almost every night between mid-November and early April) the glass was artistically decorated—Jack Frost had again honored us with his presence.

Oh, but Maine was beautiful in winter!

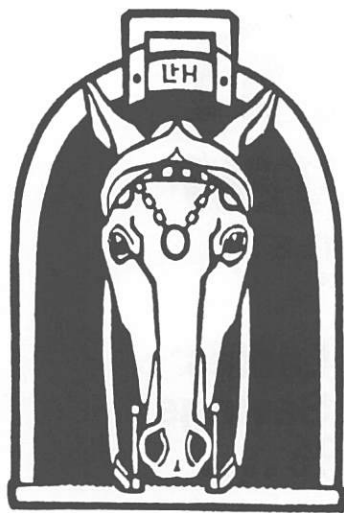
The Preparations Go On!

Another chore that had to be fully out of the way before the coming of snow was the splitting of a mountain of stove wood—four or five “cod” (cords) and fitting each piece into the stack in the gigantic bowels of the woodshed. This wood was stacked alongside another mountain of larger pieces of wood which would be used to heat the house. It was cut and split to size especially for the care and feeding of the gluttonous furnace with its monstrous gaping maw.

Oh, but Maine was beautiful in winter!

With the arrival of the first really heavy snow storm, Dad moved the Model-T further into the depths of that part of the barn which served as a garage. He drained the radiator and covered the hood with heavy layers of blankets. Soon it was blocked up with chunks of wood under its axles to hold its tires off the floor during its cold weather period of rest from the rigors of daily usage.

Dad was an RFD mail carrier, so while the Model-T was in winter storage, some other form of reliable trans-



portation was a necessity in order for him to make his daily rounds. Since the snowmobile had yet to come on the winter scene, we brought out the sleigh—a small red clipper—from its summer resting place in the sleigh shed. No snowmobile has ever been designed that can compete with the beauty and grace of a sleigh, nor do I think one ever will be.

And the Preparations Go On And On!

In the days long before the advent of the snowblower, we had to use that hand-operated instrument—the snow shovel. With this backbreaker, we cleared the snow from the regular driveway; then another narrower passage had to be cleared through the drifts from the sleigh shed to the freshly cleared driveway.

When all was ready, Dad harnessed up Belle, our roan, and walked her to the open door of the sleigh shed. Actually, the horse ran and Dad hung on to the reins “for dear life!” Belle was soon hitched between the shafts (Dad pronounced it “sh-ahves”) and snapped to the whiffle tree, pulling the sleigh out to the clean, fresh world of a newborn winter.

Soon, Dad and I were gliding over the paths of packed snow that for the next few months would serve as streets and roads in the white world of Farmington, Maine. Steam was blowing from Belle's nostrils. The sleigh bells jingled their

beautiful, happy, well-tuned melody. While the fresh, cold, sharp air of a Maine winter stung our ears and noses, and turned our cheeks a bright red, we snuggled warmly under Dad's prize possession—a buffalo robe of long black fur. I believe it was the only one of its kind in Franklin County, maybe even the whole State of Maine. This was indeed a joyful time—a time of fifty years ago.

OH, BUT MAINE WAS SO, SO BEAUTIFUL IN WINTER!

And the memories of her are so bitter-sweet!

Carlton Fuller, now of Rancho Palos Verdes, California, grew up in Strong, Maine. He is currently president of the San Pedro Writer's Guild.

THE PLEA FOR PEACE

by Carol Wood

Today, as in the past, many cry **Peace!** but there is no peace. Iran, El Salvador, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Afghanistan, Poland and Ireland attest to that. Where there are no outright wars, riot and bloodshed still prevail. Wars and rumors of them run rampant in the present-day world. It's an interesting time to be alive!

Some deplore conditions among nations while steadfastly remaining unable to get along with those they encounter in the workplace and even with the neighbors next door. In crowded city conditions, people bicker and fight like chickens in an egg factory. Individuals who know they're unable to remain civilized under the influence of liquor and other drugs still get “high” and then become fighting-mad over nonsense, all the while maiming and killing each other under the guise of “having fun.” Yet the truth is, if we can't get along harmoniously on a local level, how can we expect ever to know global peace?

Throughout history, the notion has prevailed that we must all have moral and ethical principles for which we're willing to fight, and, if need be, die. Indeed, the human being who lacks such convictions in life is not considered much of a person, really. But led by these guiding lights, early Christians faced lions in Roman arenas (no fighting there,



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but it took guts just the same!), heretics endured the Inquisition, Protestants and Catholics fought bloody battles, and popes declared "Holy Wars."

During the early 1900's almost the entire globe was involved in a "War-to-End-All-Wars." Yet that didn't stop World War II from happening. Nor does it deter those who say, "What the economy needs today is another good war." (I've yet to distinguish between a war that's "good" as opposed to one that isn't "good"!) — All this despite the pervasive knowledge that another world conflict could mean total destruction of the planet!

Kindergarteners learn a few simple methods of negotiation and compromise upon entering school, but one and all agree that some days nothing beats a good bash on the head! With all our advanced technology we don't seem to have progressed much beyond kindergarten behavior when it comes to social interaction!

In the "good old days" nations had to be strong to survive and the one with the best weapons and the most savage users of same usually won. But today it's a different ballgame. If we don't learn to sit down and negotiate our differences, we could all wind up annihilated. That's certainly an urgent argument in favor of peace!

Milton Rothstein of Miami, Florida, whose vocal and written efforts in the *Miami Herald* on behalf of peace have become well-known, states that computers are the answer we seek. By using giant ones, into which every nation's needs and wants are fed, he maintains that we can take care of the world. When every nation has what it needs, he theorizes, no wars will ensue, because the cause will have been eliminated.

The trick will be to get the "have" nations willing to part with their present holdings in order to ensure that the "have-nots" will get their fair share! What he envisions is a space age kind of world dominated by computers, obviously.

— It might work, at that!

Carol Wood is from Framingham, Massachusetts.

Goings On

Music

Musical afternoons at Farnsworth Library and Museum: Feb. 17 *Todd Theriault*, pianist; Mar. 10 *Tom Hoffman*, guitarist and *Karen Demsey*, flutist; Apr. 14 An afternoon of *Gilbert & Sullivan* with the Camden Civic Theatre. All concerts are held in the Main Gallery of the Farnsworth Museum, Rockland, Maine, at 3:00 p.m. \$2/ticket suggested donation; tickets available at Museum Shop.

Forum-A at University of Maine, Augusta, presents *Muir String Quartet*, Sat. Jan. 26, 1985. Jewett Auditorium, 8 p.m. Works by Haydn, Beethoven, Debussy. Reservations: 207-622-7131, ext. 271.

LPL Plus APL presents *Muir String Quartet*, Chamber Music, Fri. Jan. 25, 8 p.m., United Baptist Church, Lewiston, Maine. On Feb. 14, *Kenneth Radnofsky & Portland Quartet* perform "Sax and Strings"—new and traditional music, 8 p.m. United Baptist Church. Tickets for both \$4.00 adult/\$2.50 student. Phone 207-782-7228.

Pianist *Frank Glazer*, artist-in-residence, Bates College, Lewiston, Me., will perform works of Johannes Brahms. Jan. 18, 8 p.m., Chapel. Free.

Bates College Concert Series presents "Music from Marlboro." Tickets \$6 general, \$3 students and senior citizens. Call 207-786-6305 for reservations. Jan. 31, 8 p.m., Chapel, Bates College.

Art

The Polaroid Project, Dec. 8 - Jan. 20, at The Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art, Westbrook College, Portland, Maine. Phone 207-797-9546 for information. This show features the photographs of twelve well-known photographers who have produced outstanding work using an innovative 20x24 format camera. Among the photographers are John Baldessari, Carl Chiarenza, Gyorgy Kepes, and Melissa Shook. Gallery hrs. Tues.-Fri. 10-4, Sat. & Sun. 1-5, closed Mon. & holidays.

Textiles Through Time, Maine Guild of Spinners & Weavers, through Jan. 27 at Farnsworth Library & Art Museum. Gallery hours Tues.-Sat. 10-5/Sun. 1-5. Handmade Maine fabrics, 1934-1984.

Exhibition of Ceramic Art by Visiting Artists from the University of Massachusetts from January 20 to February 15, 1985. Jewett Hall Gallery, University of Maine at Augusta, Maine. Opening reception January 20. For hours, call 207-622-7131, ext. 271.

Portland Museum of Art presents *Pressed Glass, 1825-1925*, courtesy of The Corning Museum of Glass, Corning, New York.



1984 ribbon winners:

front row (l. to r.)—Virginia Williams, Elizabeth Drinkwater, Jane Skivers, Vi Hathaway, Mary Catherine Price; second row—Florence Smearer, J. Robert Price, Ed Giroux, and Jan Maynard.
Photo by Douglas J. Price.

Hiram Regional Artisans League Twentieth Anniversary

In 1964, Hiram, Maine, was celebrating its 150th year, and Hazel Hester, the backbone of the soon-to-be-formed League, was approached and asked to gather some local artists to show as part of the Sesquicentennial Celebration. The Regional Artists League was then formed by Hazel Hester, Leona McDougal, Helen Flint, Mil Giroux, Louise Edgecomb and Jane Skivers. 1984 marked the League's twentieth year.

The first exhibit was a sidewalk affair, attended by the incumbent governor, John H. Reed (who was made an honorary member in 1967). After several moves and a name change to include other craftspeople, the *Regional Artisans League* makes its home at Sacopee Valley High School in South Hiram.

Last August, the league's Annual Art Sale and Exhibit featured quilts, ceramics, paintings. All articles were for sale. In 1972 the proceeds from these sales began to go to Dollars for Scholars, and as profits increased, the donations were split between Dollars for Scholars and the Sacopee Valley Rescue Unit. The award through Dollars for Scholars is to a local student pursuing higher education in art. This year's scholarship went to Debbie True, who will be attending Bentley College. Student artists have also been encouraged to exhibit.

Aside from community benefits such as the charitable donations (\$300.00 to each beneficiary) the League also provides local artists and craftsmen with a means to show their talent.

Looking back over the success of the League, measured by its growth, one truly feels that in this day and age, some good things do last.

... BitterSweet Views

betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded."

Jack Barnes tells me that my vaguely-remembered quote in December was from Robert Frost, not Mark Twain. At any rate, we hope to have stories on both Frost and Emerson in the coming months.

Peace,
Nancy Marcotte



Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

JANUARY

Someone suggested the other day that our winters here in the North-country are less formidable; that the days when winters dragged on interminably for the folks living on isolated farms scattered among our rugged hills and valleys had ended with the automobile, good roads, and the introduction of skiing. More recently the snowmobile craze has added considerably to the number of people who look forward to the first snowfall and wish that winter could be stretched out a month or two longer. Of course, I doubt that many of these snow-worshippers have farm chores to do.

The economics of many of our communities are no longer geared to the summer tourists alone. Instead, numerous cities, towns, and hamlets (especially among the hills of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire) now rely more heavily upon winter than they do summer to reap financial rewards from the tourist trade. Inns that ceased to be inns a century or more ago are being renovated and once again are aglow as centers for congenial activities on a winter night—especially on weekends and holidays.

Bewildered tourists who have been fortunate enough to be exposed to the fading vestiges of local color for the first time used to react with, "My, but the people around here are strange." And local storekeepers would reply, "Ayah, but that'll all change come Labah Day." Those days are rapidly coming to a close.

So too are my chances of being able to take a walk or glide along a wooded trail through unsullied snow on cross-country skis during one of those evenings when all the world is made opalescent by a full moon against an indigo sky. I used to be able to lose myself in thoughts and reflections of the past, present, and future, but now, all too frequently, the quietude is shattered by a convoy of snowmobiles bearing rapidly down upon me, in a desperate hurry to go nowhere. Most of the time they are locals, indigenous or transplanted, out for a nocturnal winter's lark, for I find that the tourists are more inclined to stay inside in winter. At any length, I should have to be some sort of crank to begrudge these revelers the pleasures for which they have paid so dearly and often-times at such a questionable sacrifice.

No, I have come to accept as a *fait accompli* that living far from the mainstream of society no longer guarantees me the right to the silence and solitude that the old man who lived in this house many years ago either delighted in or despaired of. I should like to think that he was contented while shelling out beans by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp and absorbing the radiant heat from his wood stove on a night when the temperature dipped so low that one could occasionally hear like a gun shot an ancient wrought iron nail in the rustic barn either snap in two or go hurtling into space.

I doubt very much, however, if old Fred Stanton—for that was his name—objected to his solitude being pierced by the shrill whistle of the miniature train that went clattering by for more than a half century either on its way to Bridgton and Harrison or to join up with the White Mountain line, whose days I am told are numbered. It was the right amount of interruption—just

enough to let him know that he was not completely severed from the outside world. He knew approximately when to expect his tranquility to be disturbed and could prepare himself. He knew well enough not to allow his mind to go wandering too far down a meandering trail of creative thought and have it aborted. Then again, he might have become so inured to the passing of the Lilliputian iron locomotive belching sparks and smoke like Stromboli that he neither took note of its coming or its passing at the very foot of the house. I wish I could ask him, but he has for many years been associating with the earth's elements, and these mute walls are like sealed lips.

I should like to be able to slip back into the world that old Fred Stanton knew that I could be a better judge of whether or not this rapid transformation of our winter landscape is leading us in the right direction. There are times when I feel life becoming too cluttered. Perhaps that is my greatest criticism of today's world. We have cluttered our lives with so much materialism that we have forgotten the true essence of the simpler life that those like Fred Stanton knew so well. I am not some protegee of Confucius walking backward into the future, but I could not be a student of history without an awareness and even a degree of reverence for what used to be. And I have lived long enough to remember vignettes of an era that was a vital part of our winter scene over fifty years ago. That era has passed and very likely will not ever return. And it is unlikely that most people would forsake today's lifestyle for what we had then if given the option. I should be the last to say that life when I was growing up (just a few miles, as the crow flies, away from Brookfield Farm) came even close to being Utopian, for I was not on this earth too long before the Great Depression

Page 40 . . .